

No. 19

THE MASKED MARVEL!

APR.

10¢

Keen **DETECTIVE FUNNIES**

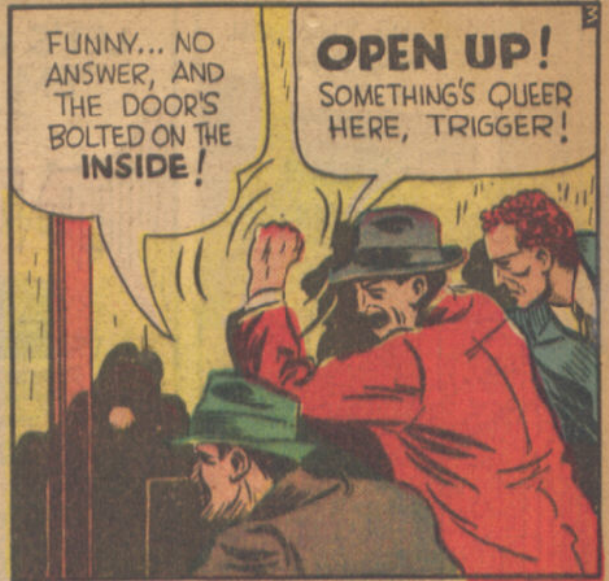
AS THE ENEMY CAN BE THEIR
HIDING PLACE, THE EPPY HUN-
TERS SPRUNG INTO ACTION!



SPARK O'LEARY
SAM DENNIS-F.E.B.
EPPY HUNTERS
THE EYES
BOB DENTON



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



THEY CAME THROUGH
THAT WINDOW!



LET'S GET
'EM!



SUDDENLY, A GUN IS
SHOVED THROUGH THE
OPEN WINDOW!



TRIGGER...
I'M HIT!



WAIT... TRIGGER!

I'M GOING AFTER
THOSE RATS!



STOP!
YOU
FOOL!



DO YOU WANT TO GET THE
SAME? GO THROUGH THAT
WINDOW AND YOU'D STOP A
HOT SLUG! LET 'EM GO....
WE'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF HERE
QUICK BEFORE THE
COPS COME





O'TOOLE'S GONE!
WELL, GUESS HE
CAN FURNISH ME
WITH A QUICK
DRINK BEFORE
WE GO! LONG
TIME SINCE I
HAD ANY OF
THIS STUFF!



WOULDN'T DO FOR ME
TO GET CAUGHT THERE.
I'D HAVE TOO MUCH
EXPLAINING TO DO... ME
JUST GETTING OUT
OF "STIR"

YOU'RE RIGHT,
RED...WE'LL
HAVE TO LAY
LOW

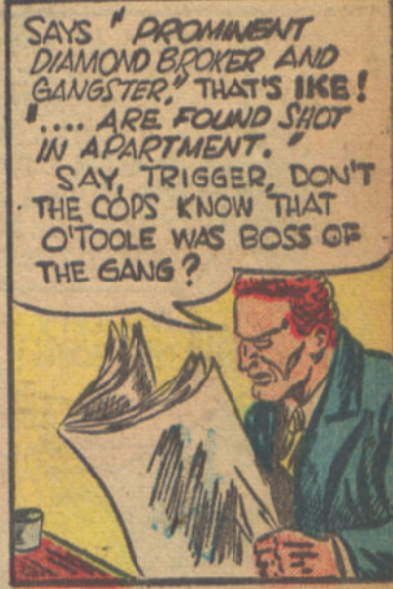


I HAVE A PLACE WHERE
WE CAN HIDE OUT.....
WONDER WHO BUMPED
THE BOSS OFF? PLENTY
OF GUYS HAVE BEEN
SORE AT HIM FOR A
LONG WHILE



THE NEXT MORNING....

LOOK AT THE PAPER,
TRIGGER. TELLS ABOUT
O'TOOLE GETTING SHOT.
COPS FOUND HIM AFTER
WE LEFT!



SAYS "PROMINENT
DIAMOND BROKER AND
GANGSTER," THAT'S IKE!
".... ARE FOUND SHOT
IN APARTMENT."

SAY, TRIGGER, DON'T
THE COPS KNOW THAT
O'TOOLE WAS BOSS OF
THE GANG?



NOPE! THE BOSS WAS
A SLICK ONE. NO ONE
KNEW HE RAN THE
RACKET!



EVERYONE THOUGHT HE
WAS IN A LEGITIMATE
JEWELRY BUSINESS. HE
WAS THE BRAINS, THOUGH,
OF THE OUTFIT. GUESS
YOU KNOW THAT, THOUGH!



THE PAPER LINKS "IKE" WITH
THE JEWEL SMUGGLING
RACKET.... SAYS THAT
THE COPS BELIEVE HE
WENT TO VISIT O'TOOLE AND
SOMEONE FOLLOWED HIM
THERE AND SHOT
THEM BOTH

RED... WHY DON'T YOU
STEP INTO O'TOOLE'S PLACE?
HE'S MADE PLENTY OF
DOUGH AND SOMEONE
HAS TO TAKE OVER

ME?

SURE... WHY NOT YOU?
YOU KNOW THE RACKET AS
WELL AS HE DID... AND
THERE'S ANGLES I GOT
FIGURED OUT THAT THE
BOSS NEVER TRIED. YOU
AND I TOGETHER COULD
GET RICH IN A SHORT
TIME. YOU'RE THE GUY
FOR HIS JOB!

WHY NOT? I SPENT
TOO MUCH TIME IN PRISON
TO LET SOMEBODY ELSE
GET ALL THE GRAVY OUT
OF THIS RACKET... HOW
ABOUT THE REST
OF THE
MOB?

6

THERE'S A COUPLE WE GOTTA'
GET RID OF RIGHT AWAY....
THE REST I CAN LINE UP
FOR YOU.... BUT, WE HAVE
TO WORK FAST. BY THIS
TIME THEY ALL KNOW ABOUT
O'TOOLE GETTING
BUMPED OFF

O.K. LET'S
GET GOING!

TRIGGER
HURRIES
TO A
NEARBY
TELEPHONE.

HELLO, GUS? THIS IS
TRIGGER... MEET ME AT
THE GARAGE... FOURTH STREET,
RIGHT AWAY....

ONCE WE GET GUS AND PEPPER
OUT OF THE WAY WE WON'T HAVE
ANY TROUBLE WITH THE OTHERS.
THEY'LL DO WHAT I SAY AND
THEY'RE ALL YOUR PALS,
ANYWAY

HERE HE COMES...
GET READY TO LET
HIM HAVE IT AS SOON
AS HE GETS
INSIDE

I'M READY!

THE UNSUSPECTING GUS ENTERS THE VACANT GARAGE TO MEET TRIGGER.

THIS'LL BE A GOOD TIME TO TELL TRIGGER I'M GOING TO BE BOSS!



INSIDE, HE MET A WILD FUSSILADE OF BULLETS!



THAT FINISHES HIM....WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE AND NO ONE WILL KNOW WHO GOT HIM! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF PEPPER NEXT!



HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS, A SPECTATOR WATCHES THE MURDER....IT IS THE MASKED MARVEL!



AS SOON AS THE KILLERS LEAVE, HE HURRIES TO THE DEAD GANGSTER AND LEAVES A NOTE ON HIS COAT!

THIS WILL CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY OF ONE MURDER



THE NOTE

TO THE POLICE:
EXAMINE THIS MAN'S GUN AND YOU WILL FIND IT FIRED THE BULLET THAT KILLED O'TOOLE.

AS LONG AS THESE CROOKS KILL EACH OTHER OFF I WON'T INTERFERE. BUT, I WILL SEE THAT THEIR CRIMES AGAINST HONEST PEOPLE ARE STOPPED!



I COULD EASILY HAVE CAUGHT THEM BOTH AND TURNED THEM OVER TO THE POLICE...BUT, FIRST THEY WILL LEAD ME TO THE OTHERS!



MEANWHILE.....

WE GOT AWAY WITHOUT BEING SEEN!

GOOD! NOW TO MEET PEPPER!



IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE CITY, PEPPER WAITS

TRIGGER WANTS ME TO MEET HIM ON THIS CORNER. MAYBE I CAN GET HIM TO LINE UP WITH ME THEN I CAN TAKE OVER THE MOB MYSELF!



AND, WITH A SECOND MURDER, THE TWO CROOKS SPEED AWAY!

WELL, RED, THAT MAKES YOU THE BOSS! AIN'T NOBODY ELSE TO INTERFERE!

AGAIN, THE MASKED MARVEL LEAVES A PENCILLED NOTE:



POLICE: THIS IS ANOTHER OF O'TOOLE'S MURDERERS. YOU WILL FIND HIS FINGERPRINTS ON THE WINDOW OF THE APARTMENT.

WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE, RED?

CALL THE BOYS TOGETHER... IF I'M TO BE THE BOSS... NOW'S THE TIME TO START!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS....

HELLO... CHIEF? THIS IS WATKINS IN THE LABORATORY.... WE'VE CHECKED THOSE FINGERPRINTS AND THE BULLET THAT KILLED O'TOOLE....



CAPTAIN...THE LABORATORY JUST CALLED
AND SAID THEIR TESTS PROVE THOSE
TWO DEAD HOODLUMS ARE WITHOUT
A DOUBT THE ONES WHO MURDERED
O'TOOLE! THAT SOLVES THAT ONE
MURDER... BUT WHO
KILLED THE OTHERS?



SOME FRIEND OF O'TOOLE'S? SAY,
CHIEF, DOESN'T THIS PROVE YOUR
THEORY THAT O'TOOLE WAS MIXED
UP WITH A GANG OF CROOKS....
EVEN THOUGH WE NEVER COULD
GET THE
GOODS ON
HIM?



WITHOUT A DOUBT THESE
ARE ALL GANGSTER KILLINGS
AND O'TOOLE WAS THE TOP
MAN. SOMEONE WILL
TAKE HIS PLACE... AND
WE'VE GOT TO FIND
THAT MAN AND BREAK
UP THE GANG!



GET THE MAN WHO
STEPS INTO O'TOOLE'S
SHOES.... AND WE'LL
HAVE THE OTHER KILLER!



RED STULTZ AWAITS
THE ARRIVAL OF THE GANG.

HERE THEY COME,
TRIGGER!



IF ANY ONE OF 'EM OBJECTS
TO YOU TAKIN' O'TOOLE'S
PLACE.... I'LL DRILL HIM
BEFORE HE CAN OPEN HIS
MOUTH A SECOND TIME!



LISTEN.. YOU MUGS. RED STULTZ
IS BOSS NOW... ANYBODY HERE
THAT DON'T LIKE THAT IDEA?

RED'S O.K. WITH
ME, TRIGGER!

ME TOO!



LOOK HERE . . . WITH THIS WAR GOING ON OVER IN EUROPE; WE AREN'T GOING TO BE ABLE TO SMUGGLE MANY DIAMONDS IN . . .

BUT... WE'LL STILL GET 'EM! THERE'S A MILLION BUCKS IN SPARKLERS IN THE **MIDTOWN JEWELERS'** VAULTS . . . SO, TONIGHT WE'RE GOING TO CRACK THAT PLACE OPEN AND WALK OFF WITH THE DIAMONDS!

10
TWO SHARPEYES, IN A **RED MASK**, WATCH THE PLOTTERS!



FROM OUTSIDE THE ROOM, THE **MASKED MARVEL** PEERS UNDER THE SLIGHTLY RAISED WINDOW CURTAIN...AND **LISTENS!**



NOT FOR ME, RED! I AIN'T THAT CRAZY . . . THAT PLACE IS WIRED LIKE A CHICKEN COOP . . . EVERY COP IN TOWN WOULD BE THERE AS SOON AS WE TOUCH THAT VAULT!



WHY YOU!



ANYONE ELSE HERE THAT DON'T WANT TO DO EXACTLY WHAT **RED** SAYS?

WE'RE WITH YOU, TRIGGER!



THAT NIGHT AS THE CROOKS SPEED AWAY,
THEY UNKNOWINGLY CARRY AN EXTRA
PASSENGER... THE **MASKED MARVEL**!

I'LL HAVE THEM
CAUGHT BY THE
POLICE... WHEN
THEY ATTEMPT
THE ROBBERY



TONIGHT WILL BE THE END
OF THIS GANG OF
CRIMINALS... RED
STULTZ WILL GO
BACK TO PRISON,
WHERE HE
BELONGS!



AS THEY NEAR THEIR OBJECTIVE,
THE **MASKED MARVEL** LEAPS FROM
THE CAR.....

SORRY, BOYS...
I HAVE TO
LEAVE YOU
HERE

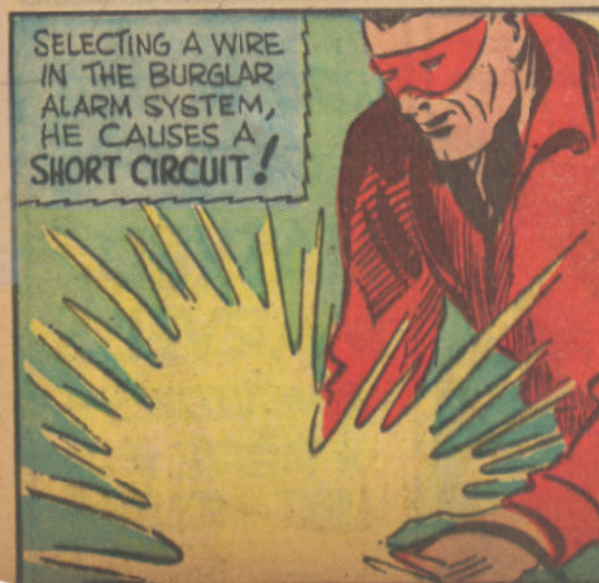


HE WATCHES FROM A NEARBY
BUILDING.....

THEY'VE GOTTEN
INSIDE! IN A
FEW MINUTES
THEY'LL BE
READY TO
BLOW OPEN
THAT VAULT!



SELECTING A WIRE
IN THE BURGLAR
ALARM SYSTEM,
HE CAUSES A
SHORT CIRCUIT!



AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS
THE ALARM
IS SOUNDED



COME
ON!
THAT'S THE
MIDTOWN
JEWELRY
COMPANY!



IN THE MEANTIME, RED AND HIS GANG BREAK INTO THE JEWELRY OFFICES.

HERE'S THE VAULT....
LET'S CRACK IT
AND SCRAM OUT
OF HERE!

MIDTOWN
JEWELERS
INC.

THE CROOKS
SUDDENLY
HEAR THE
SHRILL
WHINE OF
A POLICE
SIREN

12
LISTEN... THAT'S
A POLICE CAR....
MAYBE THEY'RE
COMING
HERE!

LET'S
GO!

IN THE HALLWAY, THEY
ARE MET BY THE
MASKED MARVEL!

THE POLICE ARE RIGHT
BEHIND ME... THROW
UP YOUR HANDS!

IT'S THE MASKED
MARVEL! WE
HAVE'NT GOT A
CHANCE!

ALL SURRENDER, EXCEPT
RED AND TRIGGER, WHO
FLEE IN AN ATTEMPT
TO ESCAPE FROM THE
MASKED MARVEL..

LET'S MAKE A RUN FOR
IT....

DASHING DOWN THE
DARKENED HALL, THEY
PLUNGE DOWN AN OPEN
ELEVATOR SHAFT!

THAT'S THE END OF
THOSE TWO... AND THEIR
LAWLESSNESS!

READ ANOTHER
OF THE

MASKED
MARVEL'S
ADVENTURES—
★ HERE ★
NEXT MONTH!

SPARK O'LEARY

RADIO NEWSHAWK

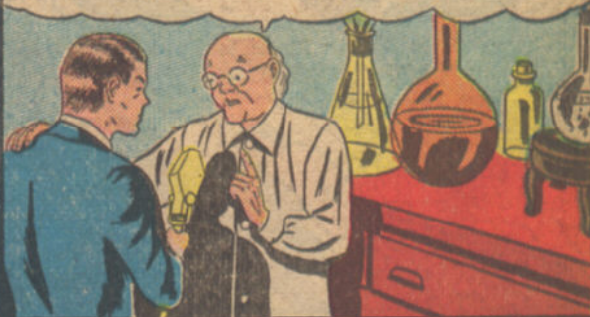


SPARK, PROFESSOR DORAN HAS AN INVENTION HE CLAIMS WILL MAKE ONE INVISIBLE...WILL YOU TAKE YOUR MICROPHONE OUT TO HIS DEMONSTRATION AND REPORT IT TO THE PUBLIC!



AT THE PROFESSOR'S DEMONSTRATION

MR. O'LEARY, THERE IS NOTHING FAKE ABOUT THIS! TELL EVERYTHING YOU SEE TO YOUR RADIO AUDIENCE



GENTLEMEN, MY INVENTION IS A SUIT WHICH DOES NOT REFLECT LIGHT...AN ELECTRICAL DEVICE CARRIED IN THE POCKET BENDS OTHER LIGHT RAYS AROUND IT...HENCE IT IS INVISIBLE...



MY ASSISTANT WILL NOW DEMONSTRATE THE SUIT...



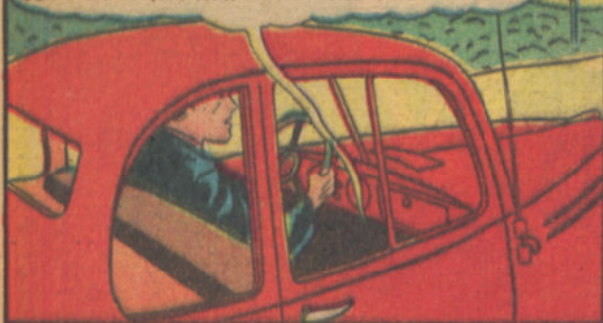
YOU SEE HE TURNS ON THE ELECTRICITY AND BECOMES INVISIBLE!



TWO FOREIGNERS IN THE AUDIENCE COMMENT ON THE SUIT
WILBUR, IF OUR GOVERNMENT HAD THAT SUIT THEY COULD TURN OUT AN INVISIBLE ARMY...LET'S STEAL IT AND GRAB THE INVENTOR TO SHOW US HOW IT WORKS!



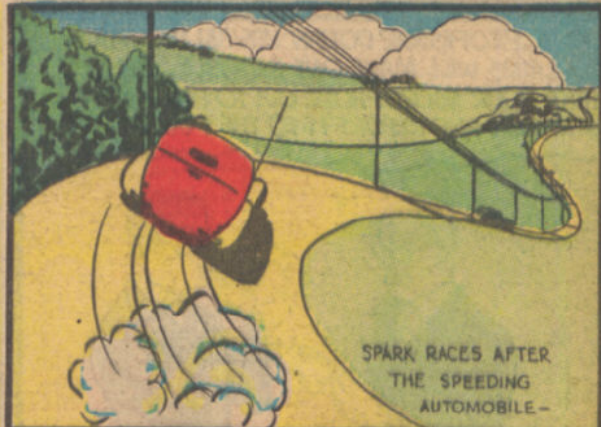
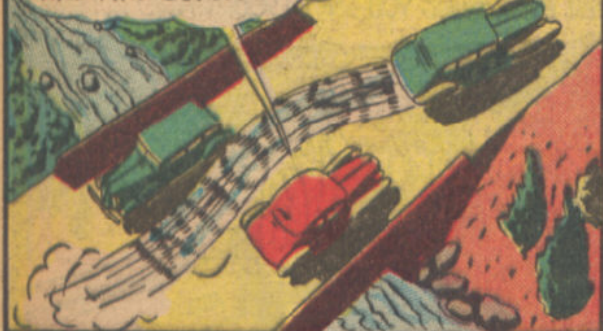
AS SPARK IS DRIVING HOME HE TURNS ON HIS RADIO
FLASH! THE NOTED PROFESSOR DORAN HAS
JUST BEEN KIDNAPPED!... MORE LATER...



SOMEONE IS AFTER THAT SUIT ALREADY...WELL,
IT LOOKED GOOD TO ME...



THAT CAR WAS IN A HURRY... SAY! WASN'T THAT
THE PROF IN THE BACK? I'D BETTER FOLLOW
AND FIND OUT...



SPARK RACES AFTER
THE SPEEDING
AUTOMOBILE—

THIS SEEMS TO BE THEIR ROOSTING PLACE... NOW
TO SEE IF THAT WAS THE PROFESSOR...



—AND FOLLOWS IT TO THE DESERTED FARMHOUSE.
HE PARKS HIS CAR A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY THEN
APPROACHES CAREFULLY ON FOOT—

SPARK ENTERS THE BUILDING AND FINDS THE
PROFESSOR TIED TO A CHAIR

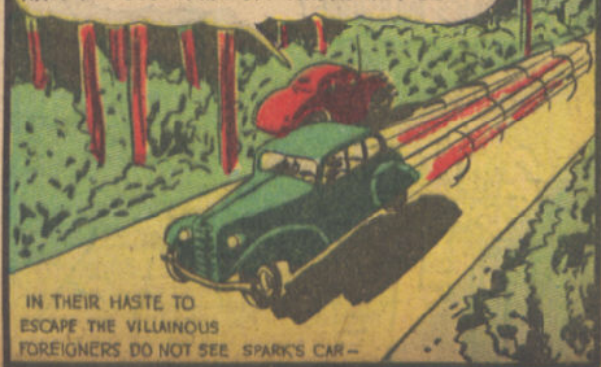
QUIET, PROF, WE'LL GO OUT TO MY CAR AND
RADIO THE POLICE!



THE FOREIGNERS DISCOVER THE PROFESSOR'S ABSENCE
HE'S GONE, WILBUR! WE'D BETTER SCRAM BEFORE
THE COPS COME!

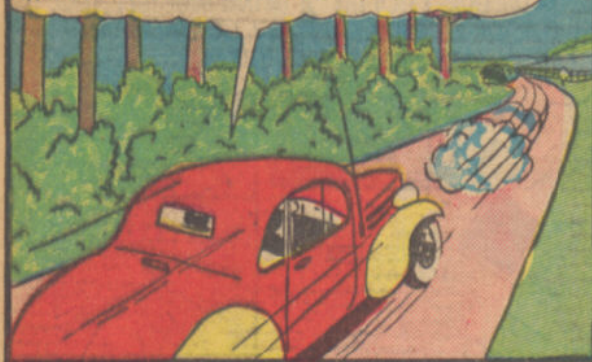


YOUR ESCAPE HAS FRIGHTENED THEM AWAY...WE'LL
HAVE TO FOLLOW AND SEE WHERE THEY GO!

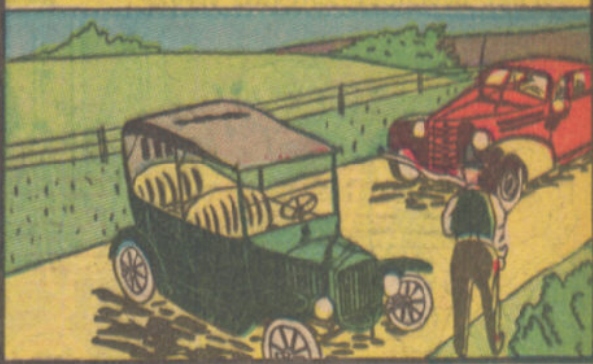


IN THEIR HASTE TO
ESCAPE THE VILLAINOUS
FOREIGNERS DO NOT SEE SPARK'S CAR—

THE ROAD IS STRAIGHT AFTER THAT TURN...WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO CATCH THEM ON IT!



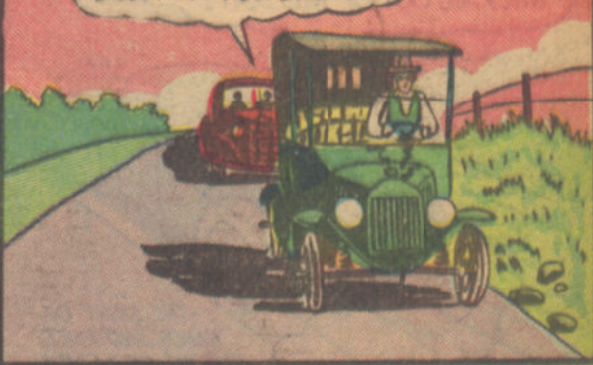
BUT WHEN SPARK MAKES THE TURN HE FINDS THE ROAD BLOCKED BY AN OLD FLIVVER



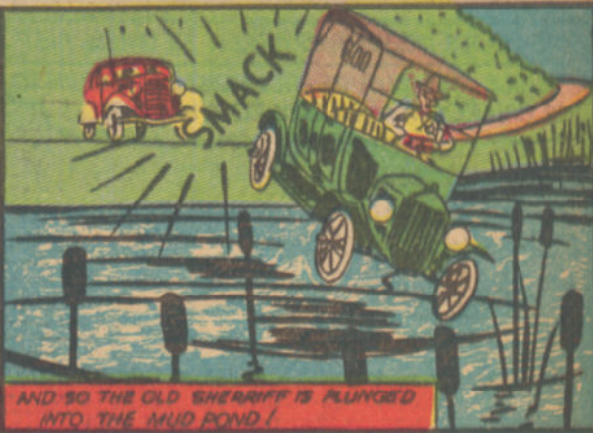
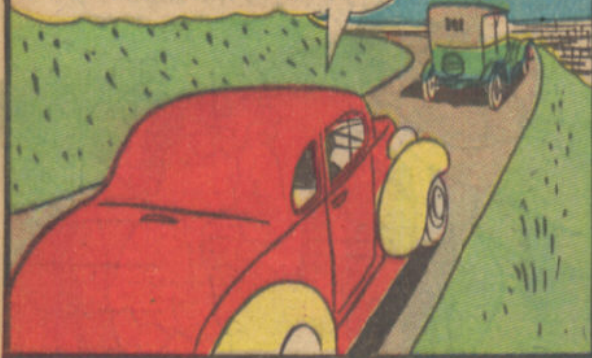
HERE NOW, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR SPEEDING! FOLLER ME TO THE COURTHOUSE WHERE YOU'LL GET SOME JUSTICE BEFORE YOU ARE FINED!



WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THIS BUZZARD SOMEHOW!



LOOK! THERE'S A BIG MUD PUDDLE...PUSH HIM INTO IT AND WE CAN GO ON



AND SO THE OLD SHERIFF IS PLUNGED INTO THE MUD POND!

HERE! DURN YE! YUH CAINT DO THATAWAY TO ME! STOP!



I THINK THE THIEVES WILL RETURN TO MY LABORATORY FOR MY NOTEBOOK...IF WE GO BACK WE MAY CATCH THEM THERE!



AT THE LABORATORY SPARK PUTS ON A
SPARE INVISIBLE SUIT AND WAITS



THE THIEVES RETURN AS PROF. DORAN HOPED-

LOOK WILBUR, I GOT THE
NOTEBOOK ALREADY, I'M
GLAD I'M INVISIBLE!

BEING INVISIBLE, TOO.
I'LL GO BACK WITH
THEM...



I HOPE NOONE SEES MY HANDS AND FEET
STICKING OUT OF THIS SUIT!

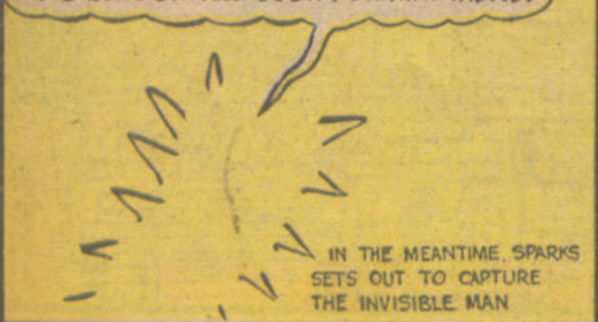


-THE SIGHT OF
HANDS AND FEET
HANGING ON A CAR!

IN THE APARTMENT OF THE FOREIGNERS
THEY HAVE A WIRELESS...I'LL RADIO THE POLICE



THE POLICE ARRIVE AND ARREST THE VISIBLE THIEF
INVISIBLE JAKE MUST BE AROUND! I'LL GO DOWN TO
THE BALLROOM AND LOOK FOR HIM THERE!



IN THE MEANTIME, SPARKS
SETS OUT TO CAPTURE
THE INVISIBLE MAN

BUT MADAME, I DID
NOT TOUCH YOU!

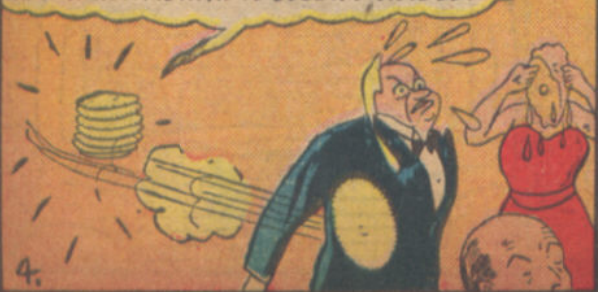
EEEK!

AH! HE MUST BE HERE
IN THE LOBBY!



SPARK GOES TO THE KITCHEN AND TAKES A WHOLE
STACK OF PIES

NOW IF I SHOULD ACCIDENTALLY HIT THE INVISIBLE
MAN WITH A PIE... HE'LL BECOME VISIBLE!



I'VE HIT HIM!

GLUB!

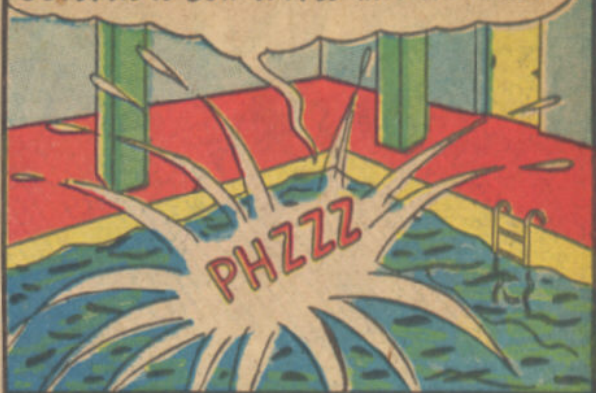


SPARK CHASES THE PIE SMEAR DOWN TO THE BASEMENT WHERE THE SWIMMING POOL IS LOCATED

CAT, DIS PLACE AM HAUNTED!



OOPS! WE'VE BOTH SLIPPED INTO THE POOL!

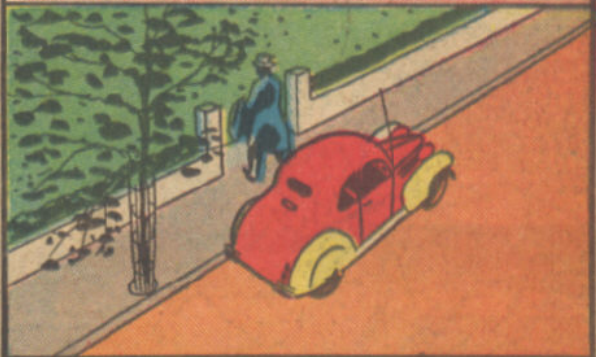


THE WATER SHORT CIRCUITED OUR SUITS...

I SURRENDER...IF YOU LET ME GO I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THE NOTEBOOK IS!



SPARK TAKES THE TWO SUITS AND THE NOTEBOOK AND RETURNS THEM TO THE INVENTOR

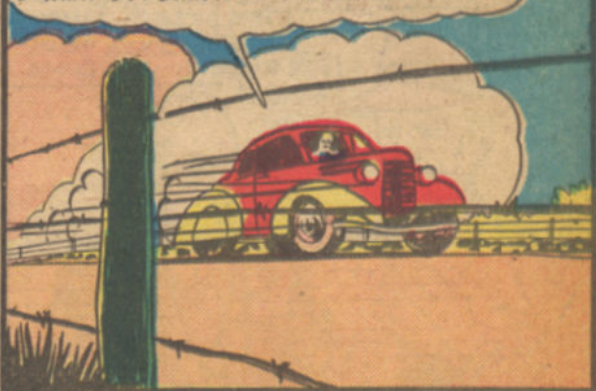


THANKS, SPARK, I'LL LOCK THESE IN THE LAB WHERE THEY'LL BE SAFE!

O.K. I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE STUDIO NOW FOR MY EVENING BROADCAST!



I THINK I'LL LISTEN TO THE RADIO AWHILE!



A LATE BULLETIN STATES THAT THE LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR DORAN HAS BEEN COMPLETELY DESTROYED BY FIRE...



DURING SPARK'S BROADCAST AT THE HOME OF ONE OF HIS LISTENERS

THE STUFF THAT O'LEARY TELLS!...HE MUST MAKE IT UP WHEN HE HAS NIGHTMARES!



DEAN MASTERS, DA

WELL, DEAN, YOU SURE WON THE ELECTION ON THAT PLATFORM FOR CLEANING UP BAY CITY

AND I'M TIRED. I THINK I'LL GET HOME FOR A LITTLE SHUT EYE.

WOTE FOR MASTERS

CLAIRE S. MOE

WELL, BILLY, IT'S ALL OVER LETS GO

GOSH, DEAN, IT'S ONLY TEN O'CLOCK. I WANT TO STAY DOWN TOWN HOME IN A TAXI.

WISH I COULD BE SURE THAT BROTHER OF MINE WASN'T GETTING INTO TROUBLE, BILLY'S A NICE KID, BUT.....





YOU CAN'T DO IT, BIG DAN! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT...I'LL HAVE YOU UP FOR CROOKED GAMBLING AND BLACKMAIL!

OH, YEAH?

YOU WIN, BIG DAN-- WE'LL MAKE A DEAL. THE COPS WILL KEEP AWAY.

GOOD SENSE, MASTERS. THOUGHT YOU'D SEE IT MY WAY. I'LL KEEP THIS NOTE... JUST IN CASE

ALL RIGHT, BOYS...

HM-MM, I SEE...TRYING A LITTLE STRONG-ARM STUFF

THE NEWSPAPERS CHASTISE DEAN MASTERS FOR HIS FAILURE TO CLOSE BIG DAN'S PLACE AS PART OF HIS CAMPAIGN PLEDGE

CITY EDITOR-

WHY DOESN'T DEAN MASTERS GO AFTER BIG DAN'S OUTFIT?

MASTERS MEETS THE PRESS IN A CONFERENCE

HOW ABOUT BIG DAN, MR. MASTERS?

IS IT TRUE YOU'RE PROTECTING HIM?

I WON'T ANSWER YOU GENTLEMEN...MY RECORD WILL HAVE TO SPEAK FOR ITSELF

WELL, BILLY, I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO SHOP... BUT HERE'S A BIRTHDAY PRESENT, ANYWAY.

GEE, DEAN! A HUNDRED BUCKS!

THE BOSS IS GETTING FLASHY! LOOK THE WAY HE CAME!

WE'RE GRAND!



THERE GO BILLY'S
HUNDRED
BUCKS

DEAN MASTERS SEES BILLY ENTERING
BIG DAN'S PLACE.

MASTERS ENTERS BIG DAN'S GAMBLING HALL
UNRECOGNIZED.



THE WHOLE WORKS
ON NUMBER 13 !



SUNK !

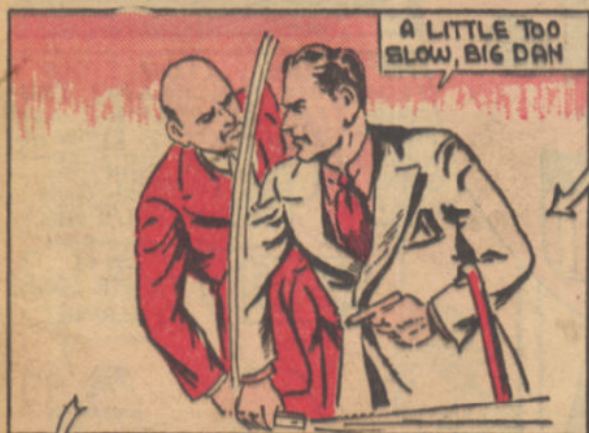
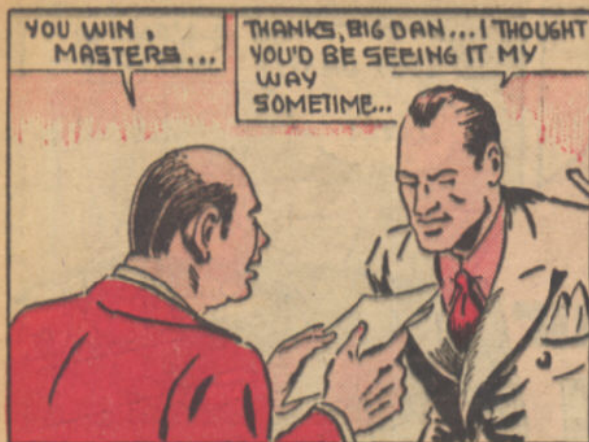


HELLO,
BILLY.

DEAN !







How to be an Amateur G-MAN!

by
FRED WOOD

THESE LESSONS IN SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION ARE DEDICATED TO THE HEROIC DEEDS OF THE F.B.I. IN THEIR ETERNAL WAR ON CRIME!



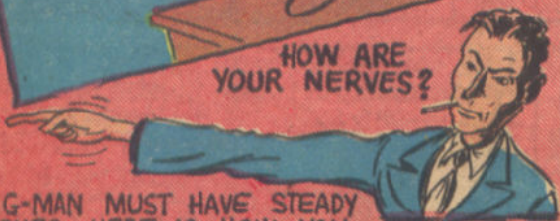
LESSON NO. SIX—

HERE'S A TRICK THAT THE G-MEN SOMETIMES USE WHEN THEY WANT TO DISGUISE THEIR VOICE OVER A TELEPHONE!



LOWER YOUR VOICE SO IT'S SLIGHTLY CHANGED— THEN SPEAK INTO THE MOUTHPIECE WHILE IT IS COVERED WITH A HANDKERCHIEF!

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?



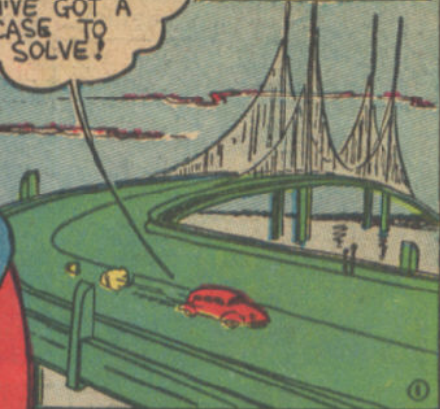
A G-MAN MUST HAVE STEADY NERVES. HERE IS HOW YOU CAN TEST YOURS— JUST POINT AT A MARK ON A WALL AND SEE HOW LONG YOU CAN POINT WITHOUT CONSIDERABLE WAVERING. YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO IT FOR 2-MINUTES.

QUESTION BOX—

● WHAT QUALIFICATIONS MUST A PERSON HAVE TO BECOME A G-MAN ?? (ANSWER NEXT MONTH.)

G-MEN IN ACTION—

STEP ON IT! I'VE GOT A CASE TO SOLVE!



I'M FROM THE F.B.I.— WHAT'S GOING ON?

THIS FELLOW STOLE MY CHINCHILLA! THE ANIMAL COST ME OVER \$10,000.00 I KNOW HE STOLE IT BECAUSE HE'S COVERED WITH THE ANIMAL'S HAIR!

ACME FUR CO.

AW—I AIN'T DONE NUD'IN!



RELEASE HIM!—HE'S INNOCENT! THOSE AREN'T HAIRS ON HIS COAT—THEY'RE THREADS!—SEE HOW A SMALL BALL FORMS ON THE END OF A HAIR WHEN IT IS BURNED— THIS DOESN'T HAPPEN TO A THREAD!

TRY THIS TEST!



How to be an amateur G-Man

12,000

AMERICANS ARE
MURDERED EVERY
YEAR!!!

MR. LADDI OF CHICAGO'S BUREAU OF G-MEN
WARNS THAT 300,000 AMERICANS NOW LIV-
ING WILL BE MURDERED—AND 200,000
WILL BECOME KILLERS DURING THE NEXT
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!!

HELLO? G-MEN HEADQUARTERS?
SEND ONE OF YOUR RATS TO MY OFFICE
—SOME GUY IS ACCUSING ME OF BE-
ING A CROOK! I WANT'CHA TO
HELP HIM PROVE IT!
HAW-HAW!

HELLO GIRLS!
WHUT'S EATING
YOU?

THIS CHISLING LOAN-SHARK
CLAIMS THAT I SIGNED THIS
PROMISSORY NOTE! IT'S MY
SIGNATURE—BUT HOW CAN I
PROVE IT WAS FORGED?

SIMPLE!—I'LL SKIP UP TO
THE F.B.I. LABORATORY AND
GIVE IT THE ACID-TEST!

NOPE! WE WON'T HAVE TO GO
TO ALL THAT TROUBLE AFTER
ALL!—I CAN TELL BY JUST LOOK-
ING AT IT THAT THE SIGNATURE
IS YOURS BUT THE REST OF THE
WRITING WAS ADDED LONG
AFTER THIS PAPER WAS
SIGNED BY YOU!

HOW DID THE G-MAN
KNOW THIS?

March 5, 1940
After 2 months &
promise to pay \$5,000.00
the sum of \$5,000.00
John Meek-

HERE'S HOW HE DIS-
COVERED THE TRUTH!

NOTICE HOW THE WORD "BY"
IS WRITTEN OVER THE "J"
IN THE SIGNATURE.

March 5, 1940
After 2 months & promise
to pay \$5,000.00
the sum of \$5,000.00
John Meek-

THE CROOK TOOK A
BLANK PIECE OF PAPER
WHICH WAS AUTOGRAPHED
BY MEER—THE REST
OF THE WORDS WERE ADDED

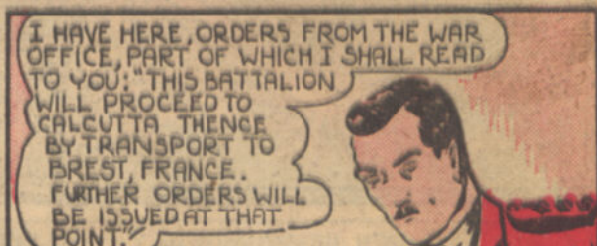
CRIME DOESN'T PAY!!

CAPTAIN FORSYTH & SERGEANT MACLEAN SPY HUNTERS



GENTLEMEN/
MAY I HAVE YOUR
ATTENTION!

ONE EVENING, AT THE OFFICER'S MESS OF
COMPANY 'A' - 1ST BATTALION OF THE
SEAFORTH... CAPT. FORSYTH SPEAKS :::



I HAVE HERE, ORDERS FROM THE WAR
OFFICE, PART OF WHICH I SHALL READ
TO YOU: "THIS BATTALION
WILL PROCEED TO
CALCUTTA THENCE
BY TRANSPORT TO
BREST, FRANCE.
FURTHER ORDERS WILL
BE ISSUED AT THAT
POINT."

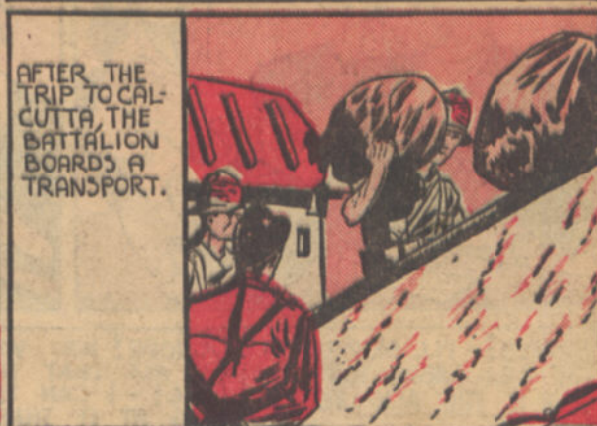
GENTLEMEN—
THE EMPIRE IS
AT WAR!



HERE WE GO AGAIN!

YEAH—BUT I'VE GOT
A FEELIN' THAT THIS
WILL BE NO OUTPOST
TOUR!

THE NEXT MORNING



AFTER THE
TRIP TO CAL-
CUTTA, THE
BATTALION
BOARDS A
TRANSPORT.



ON THE LONG TRIP, THE MEN ARE
STILL IN THE DARK AS TO THEIR
DESTINATION

SAY CORPORAL, IS
IT TRUE WE'RE
GOIN' TO THE WORLDS
FAIR IN THE
STATES?



THE SUBJECT
OF THEIR TRIP
IS THE MAIN
TOPIC OF
CONVERSATION

ANY MORE TAKERS? I'M GIVING
EVEN MONEY THAT WE DON'T
GO TO STIRLING CASTLE
WE'RE IN A WAR!
ANY BETS?



YOUR EXPERIENCE IN SOLVING MYSTERIES MAKES IT ADVANTAGEOUS FOR US TO PUT YOU ON STAFF AS INTELLIGENCE OFFICER. FROM NOW ON YOUR DUTIES WILL BE IN THAT LINE.

CAPT. FORSYTH IS CALLED INTO THE COLONEL'S QUARTERS WHERE HE LEARNS THAT HE IS RELIEVED OF HIS COMPANY.

PERHAPS IF WE PUT IT UP TO HIM, THE CAPTAIN WOULD CARRY ON WITH THE STORY!

HOW ABOUT IT, SIR?

RIGHT-O! IT WILL BE A PLEASURE.



de LAVALCIE

WELL, ABOUT TWO DAYS AWAY FROM BREST WE INFORMED THE MEN OF THE WAR AND OF OUR DESTINATION.... TWO DAYS LATER WE MADE PORT AND DISEMBARKED!

BY TRUCK WE WENT TO NORTHERN FRANCE TO WAIT FOR MORE MEN TO BRING UP OUR STRENGTH. THERE THE MEN GOT THEIR FIRST TASTE OF MODERN WAR. NO MORE KILTS!

BREECHES!



CAREFUL, PUT OUT THAT CIGARETTE - WE ARE NEAR ENOUGH TO BE UNDER OBSERVATION!!

ABOUT A FORT NIGHT LATER, WE LEFT OUR NEW HOME AND MOVED TO BOULAY

FROM BOULAY WE HEADED DUE EAST, AFTER A WHILE I WAS MET BY A FRENCH OFFICER, OUR GUIDE WHO WAS TO TAKE US TO OUR POSITION.

BON SOIR! MON CAPITAINE!

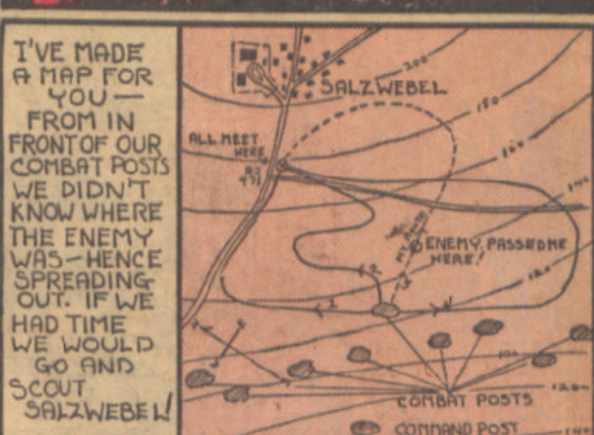


WE THOUGHT WE WERE GOING INTO THE MAGINOT LINE - BUT WE HIKED ON PAST IT.

OUR TROOPS HAVE PUSHED THE ENEMY BACK INTO THIS AREA. YOU ARE IN ENEMY COUNTRY NOW AND THIS WILL BE YOUR LINE.

EARLY ON THE FIRST DAY I WENT TO A RISE OF GROUND AND WITH LIEUTENANT WOLFF GOT A GOOD LOOK AT OUR FRONT AND TOOK SOME IMPORTANT DATA.







WE TOOK A LOOK AT
SALZWEBEL (NOT TOO NEAR)

AFTER GETTING
OUR LOOK SEE
OF SALZWEBEL,
WE STARTED
FOR HOME.

WE WANTED A
PRISONER—SO
WHEN WE GOT
AWAY FROM
THE VILLAGE,
WE DID A
LITTLE PLAN-
NING

WE'LL HAVE TO WANDER
AROUND AND WHEN WE
FIND ONE OF THEM ALONE,
JUMP HIM—BUT DON'T LET
HIM YELL. OK?

RIGHT-O, SIR,
WE'LL QUIET 'IM!



WE WENT BACK TO WHERE THE LONE ENEMY
PASSED ME—AND SURE ENOUGH, ALONG CAME
A GUY AS BIG AS LIFE!

AS HE CAME BY OUR HIDING PLACE
WE BROUGHT HIM DOWN WITH A
RUGBY TACKLE!



HE PUT UP
QUITE A SCRAP
AND WE
FOUGHT ALL
OVER THE
PLACE AND
IT WAS NOT
UNTIL I
DREW MY
REVOLVER,
THAT HE
GAVE IN.



PATROL COMING IN
WITH PRISONER.

... ADVANCE!



WE HEADED FOR
OUR LINES AND I
BREADED A LOT EASIER
WHEN A SENTRY STOPPED US.

WELL, CAPTAIN HE WON'T
GIVE US ANY ANSWER.
... HAVE TO GO
BY THE PAPER'S
WE FOUND ON
HIM.



BACK IN MY DUG OUT
WE QUESTIONED OUR
PRISONER—BUT HE
WOULDN'T TELL US
A THING

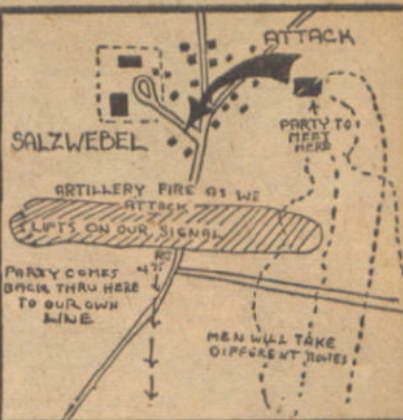
SENDING
BACK OUR
PRISONER,
I WENT TO
THE COLONEL,
THEN TRIED
TO GET HIM
TO "OK" A
PLAN THAT
I HAD.



...IF TWO OF US COULD GET INTO
SALZWEL—THIRTY MEN CAN.
WE COULD GET VERY
IMPORTANT INFOR-
MATION FOR YOU.



I DREW UP
A SKETCH
OF THE PLAN.
LIKING IT, THE
"OLD MAN"
GAVE HIS
CONSENT,
BUT UNDER
THE CONDI-
TION THAT
I TAKE THE
MEN BEHIND
THE LINES
AND PRACTICE.



ONE DARK
NIGHT, THE
MEN SLIPPED
INTO THE
BLACK TOWARDS
SALZWEL.



TWO HOURS...WE'RE MOVING
IN, LIEUTENANT—GET YOUR
MEN SET.



WE GOT INTO POSITION
OUTSIDE OF SALZWEL.



AT THE COMMAND, OUR DE-
TAIL OF ABOUT 30 MEN
MOVED SILENTLY FORWARD

ALL RIGHT MATEY...
JUST REST EASY.



RIGHT AWAY WE
PICKED UP A LONE
ENEMY—

ONLY A HUNDRED
FEET AWAY AND
NOT A SHOT FIRED
AT US—OUR ARTIL-
LERY WAS DOING
ITS' PART. WE
COULD SEE THE EN-
EMY RUNNING TO
THE WEST SIDE OF
TOWN—WHILE WE
WERE COMING
IN FROM THE
SOUTH—SO FAR,
SO GOOD.





WE GOT INTO THE CENTER OF TOWN — ROUNDING A CORNER, WE RAN SMACK INTO A DETAIL — SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF THEM!



SUDDENLY AN OFFICER CAME OUT OF A DOORWAY! I HAD TO FIRE IN DEFENSE!



WE GATHERED UP OUR PRISONERS — FIRED OUR LIGHT — AND SET OFF WITH A HOPE AND A PRAYER....



AS WE HIT OUR LINES, THE BOYS WERE COVERING OUR RETREAT IN GOOD ORDER. WE STILL HAD OUR PRISONERS — BUT, I'M SORRY TO SAY WE LOST FIVE MEN!

THEY RECOVERED QUICKLY, COMING AT US WITH A WILD FURY —

THERE WERE THIRTY OF US AGAINST THE FOUR OF THEM, SO WE DISPATCHED WITH THEM EASILY.

AT THAT MOMENT I WISHED THAT I HAD A WHOLE COMPANY WITH ME. WE COULD HAVE TAKEN THE TOWN!



I WENT INTO THE HOUSE — TO A BACK PARLOR — AND STUMBLED ON A STAFF OFFICER WITH A SUBALTERN. WHAT A CATCH!

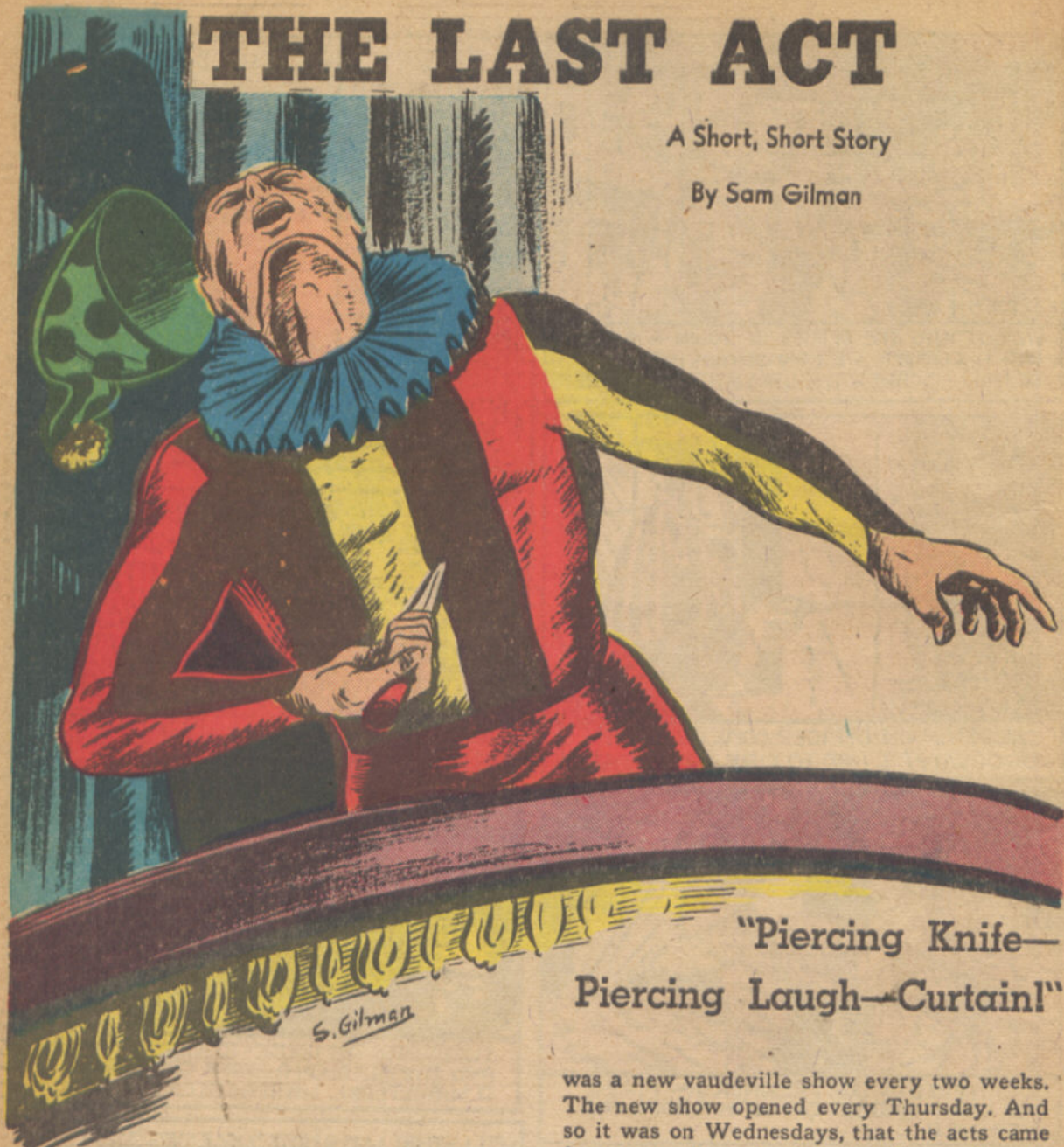


FINIS

THE LAST ACT

A Short, Short Story

By Sam Gilman



"Piercing Knife— Piercing Laugh—Curtain!"

THERE'S nothing quite so dead as a theatre, during rehearsal. Empty seats, bare stage, no lights; a gloomy picture indeed. One big, thousand-watt, work light hung in the centre of the stage, throwing off its eerie light and forming huge, distorted shadows on the bare walls of the backstage. Tired musicians were seated in the orchestra pit, the small lights from their music stands shining up into their faces and distorting them into weird-looking masks. The conductor entered, mounted his podium, lifted his baton and the overture was begun.

This was Wednesday morning. It was on Wednesdays that the new vaudeville bill came in to rehearse. The policy of the Follies theatre

was a new vaudeville show every two weeks. The new show opened every Thursday. And so it was on Wednesdays, that the acts came in to go through their routines with the orchestra.

It was a strange sight, watching these strange people going through their antics. Off in one corner, one actor would be tossing up four or five balls, practicing his juggling. In another part of the backstage, you could catch a glimpse of a couple of acrobats, going through their routine. All around, people were seriously engaged in working out their acts, ironing out little flaws and trying to perfect their art.

One man sat alone in the audience. Dark brown eyes, which seemed to mirror all the tragedy of the world, were set close to each other, alongside of a long thin nose. Topping

the large, sad eyes, were two thinly lined eyebrows, arched in such fashion, so as to give a perpetually, quizzical expression to his sombre countenance. His mouth, too, was a contradiction. The corners of his small mouth took a sharp turn upwards, but they looked so terribly, terribly sad. He sat apart from the others and watched the proceedings with a melancholy, far away look in his eyes—Lester, the world's greatest jester!

THE overture was over and the first act took the stage. A few hurried conferences with the conductor, and the second act took the stage. And thus, in this manner, each act in turn, took the stage; rehearsed the music cues with the conductor, and then went out into the audience to watch the rest of the show.

Sixth on the program was Lester, world-famous clown. He took centre stage, a lone, thin figure. He seemed dwarfed by the immensity of the theatre. He seemed far from funny, as he went through his routine with a strained, intense expression on his face. He made a graceful exit after his last comic, acrobatic dance. The music kept right on playing the refrain and, to all appearances, he was to re-enter. Suddenly, without a warning, a loud laugh came from the box, overlooking the left side of the stage,—Lester, the jester. No one ever knew what to expect next from him. There he was, seated up in the box, singing his last song, which finished his act.

The next act was the seventh and last, Tambini, world's greatest knife thrower. Tambini was assisted by his wife, the beautiful Karrina. A large backboard was placed on the right side of the stage, against which, the beautiful Karrina stood, in her skin-tight costume. On the opposite side of the stage, stood Tambini. In front of him, was the table, on which were lined up the many knives, which he used in the act. The conductor rapped his baton. The musicians raised their instruments. Then came the weird, foreboding music in a minor key. The audience watched the scene, tensely. Tambini picked up a knife, took careful aim and let it fly. The audience gasped as it found its mark, a fraction of an inch away from the beautiful Karrina's face. She didn't bat an eyelash. And so went the act, with Tambini throwing knife after knife, with ever increasing tempo. The music reached a feverish pitch, as Tambini, the movement of his arms scarcely visible, now hurled the knives in rapid succession. Then came the triumphant flourish of trumpets. Tambini bowed and extended his hand to his wife. The beautiful Karrina stepped forward. There, on the board in back of her was the outline of her beautiful

body, traced by a line of knives.

Lester sat in the box, throughout this act with a tense, drawn expression on his face. How he loved the beautiful Karrina. The lovely Karrina, who only laughed at him and teased him as though he were but a toy, a plaything for her amusement. How he suffered untold mental agonies each time they rehearsed their act. One bad throw and her life would be no more. It was unbearable. He could not stand the suspense much longer. She was sure to be killed by her husband's knife—but WHEN?

THE following night, the show opened. That cold, Thursday night made theatrical history. The house was full. The crowd was a gay one and Lester's act never went better. Never, was he funnier. And never did the audience laugh so much. And when he finally appeared in the box, over the stage, for his final song, they just roared. That night, he did not leave the box, after his act, but waited there for the knife-throwing act.

The curtains parted, and there was the lovely Karrina, posed beautifully against the wooden backboard. The music picked up its exciting theme and Tambini began hurling his knives, with unerring eye. The music gradually picked up tempo. The knives started to fly faster. Both music and knives were now at a feverish pitch. Suddenly a piercing scream was heard! The music stopped suddenly! The knives ceased flying! There, on the right side of the stage, supported by the outline of knives, stood the limp, still figure of the beautiful Karrina, a knife, buried deep in her bosom.

There was utter, deafening silence in the theatre. Not a soul stirred! Suddenly, a loud laugh came from the box, overlooking the left side of the stage. A long, loud, tragic laugh. There stood Lester, the world's greatest jester. Something was in his right hand—a knife. The audience was breathless, as he stood poised there, knife in hand and laughing away, with that sad tearful laugh. One word did he utter, before he plunged the knife into his breast.

"Karrina!"



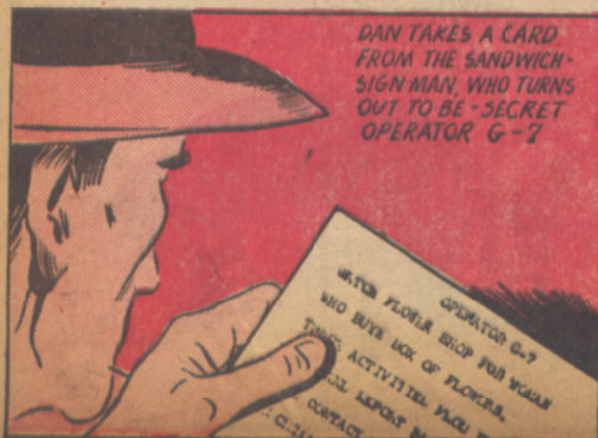
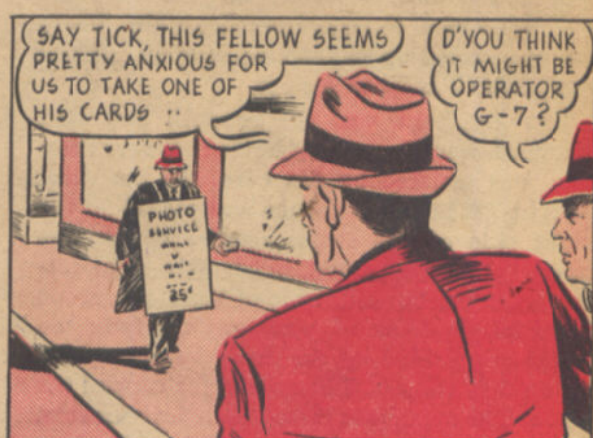
DAN DENNIS

F • B • I

... Espionage

WITH THE OUTBREAK OF THE NEW EUROPEAN WAR, INTERNATIONAL SPY ACTIVITY SWINGS INTO FAST ACTION! ALREADY, THE UNITED STATES ARE FLOODED WITH SPIES! THESE AGENTS HAVE ESTABLISHED A SEEMINGLY, FOOL-PROOF SYSTEM OF TRANSMITTING INFORMATION TO THEIR RESPECTIVE GOVERNMENTS. MOST GLAMOROUS AND DARING OF THESE BANDS, IS THE "SCARLET SPY RING." DAN DENNIS AND HIS SIDE-KICK, TICK, RECEIVE INSTRUCTIONS FROM F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS.

by Sam Gilman



A FASCINATING YOUNG WOMAN STOPS IN FRONT OF THE FLOWER SHOP AND LIGHTS A CIGARETTE... A CASUAL GLANCE TO THE RIGHT AND THEN TO THE LEFT... NONCHALANTLY SHE TURNS AND ENTERS...



IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM HEADQUARTERS... TO BE DELIVERED TO PROFESSOR ZWERDLING WITHOUT FAIL! ARE YOU BEING FOLLOWED BY ANYONE?

YES!...TURN SLOWLY TO THE WINDOW—SEE THE TWO GENTLEMEN?..



I WATCHED THEIR REFLECTION IN YOUR WINDOW... THE FOOLS ARE SHADOWING ME! HAH! I SHALL GIVE THEM A MERRY CHASE!

HMM... YES, I SEE THEM... THE GENTLEMEN, OBVIOUSLY, HAVE FLAT FEET... G-MEN, I PRESUME...



YES, POLLY, YOU RETURN TO THE FLAT... I'LL HAVE THE FLOWERS DELIVERED TO YOU BY OUR MESSENGER...

THE "G" MEN SHALL FIND IT, NOT SO SIMPLE TO KEEP TRACK OF POLLY SUTTON!



THAT'S HER, ALL RIGHT, DAN... SHE FITS THE DESCRIPTION TO THE LETTER! BUT WHERE'S HER BOX OF FLOWERS?

EVIDENTLY, THEY SUSPECT SHE'S BEING FOLLOWED! THEY'LL PROBABLY TRY SOME OTHER MEANS OF TRANSPORTING THE FLOWERS! DON'T LET HER OUT OF YOUR SIGHT!... I'LL WAIT HERE...



LEAD ON, MY FINE YOUNG FELLOW~ LEAD ON, AND I SHALL FOLLOW!



AFTER FOLLOWING THE BOY
THRU THE CITY STREETS, THE
CHASE COMES TO A HALT, AS
THE MESSENGER TURNS IN ON
SAINT JAMES PLACE AND
APPROACHES A BROWNSTONE HOUSE



NUMBER SEVEN, SAINT JAMES
PLACE, EH?... HMM — I
SHALL HAVE TO WAIT
AND SEE WHO COMES OUT
OF THERE!... AND IF
MY HUNCH IS RIGHT —
UH-UH!



WELL, I'LL BE! — THERE
GOES THE GAL, TICK'S
BEEN SHADOWING...
WONDER WHETHER SHE
GAVE HIM THE SLIP?
AND SAY... IT LOOKS
LIKE SHE'S HEADING FOR
NUMBER SEVEN, TOO!



HELLO, DAN... KINDA LOOKS
LIKE OUR SUSPECTS TOOK
ROUNDOABOUT ROUTES
TO THE SAME
DESTINATION!



WELL, THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING WE CAN
DO, NOW... WAIT
FOR HER TO COME OUT,
AND THEN FOLLOW
HER AGAIN!



YEP... MORE THAN
LIKELY, SHE HAS
THE MESSAGE IN HER
POSSESSION, NOW —
AND WILL TRY TO
RELAY IT TO
THE HIGHER-UPS!



AFTER HOURS OF PATIENT
WAITING, DAN AND TICK
ARE DISAPPOINTED AS
AN OLD WOMAN COMES
OUT OF THE HOUSE AND
WALKS SLOWLY AWAY...

THREE HOURS OF
WAITING, AND WHAT
DO WE SEE COME
OUT OF THE HOUSE?...
AN OLD WOMAN!!

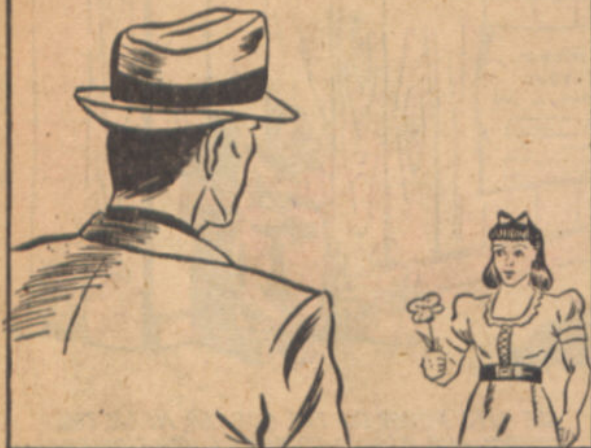
WAIT A MINUTE, TICK! —
SEE THAT BASKET SHE'S
CARRYING!... IT'S
GOT FLOWERS IN IT!...
AND LOOK... TAKE A
SQUINT AT THE CLOTH
THAT'S COVERING
THE BASKET!...



DAN'S KEEN EYES NOTICE
THAT THE CLOTH, WHICH COVERS
THE BASKET IS REALLY THE
KERCHIEF, WORN BY THE
SUSPECT... THEY DECIDE
TO FOLLOW HER...



DAN APPROACHES THE CHILD, WHO HAS JUST PURCHASED ANOTHER FLOWER... TICK REMAINS BEHIND TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE OLD WOMAN...



MY - WHAT A PRETTY FLOWER!! - HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY FOR IT, LITTLE GIRL?



HERE'S TEN CENTS FOR YOUR FLOWER.... YOU CAN BUY ANOTHER ONE, AND THEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO GET YOURSELF AN ICE-CREAM CONE WITH THE CHANGE...

GOODY!



ER, ONE MOMENT, LITTLE GIRL... I HAVE A QUESTION TO ASK YOU - TELL ME, WHO HAVE YOU BEEN BUYING FLOWERS FOR?

MY HISTORY TEACHER, MISTER PARGOT...



CURSES! - I'VE GOT TO MAKE MY GETAWAY!



FROM THE WINDOW OF THE CLASSROOM, MISTER PARGOT CURSES UNDER HIS BREATH AS HE WATCHES THE PROCEEDINGS!

WHY, THERE GOES MISTER PARGOT NOW!!



DAN MAKES A LUNGE FOR
THE FLEEING PARGOT...



... AND QUICKLY OVERPOWERS HIM, AS HE
TRIES TO DRAW HIS GUN!



I'M AFRAID YOUR CLEVER LITTLE
GAME IS UP, FRANK PARGOT!
COME ALONG WITH ME
NOW... I'M SURE
HEADQUARTERS WOULD
LIKE TO ASK YOU A
FEW QUESTIONS!



IN THE MEAN-
TIME, TICK,
WHO HAS BEEN
WATCHING THE
OLD WOMAN,
WAITS FOR A
SIGNAL FROM
DAN... HE GETS
THE SIGN,
MAKES A GRAB
FOR HER WIG-
AND PLACES
POLLY SUTTON,
GLAMOROUS, INTER-
-NATIONAL SPIY,
UNDER CUSTODY

ONE MOMENT, POLLY SUTTON -
I'M SURE THE CHIEF WILL BE
VERY HAPPY TO SEE YOU!
MMM, WHAT LOVELY HAIR!!



INSPECTOR DENNIS, YOUR
CAPTURE OF POLLY SUTTON
AND FRANK PARGOT, HAS
CONSIDERABLY WEAKENED
THE NOTORIOUS "SCARLET"
SPY RING... HOW DID
THEY TRANSMIT
THEIR CODE?

VERY SIMPLE, CHIEF...
I WAS SURE IT
WAS A FLOWER
THEY WERE
USING... AND
UPON CLOSE
EXAMINATION IN
OUR LABORATORIES...



... WE DISCOVERED, THAT UPON
SQUEEZING THE JUICE OUT OF
THE STEM OF THE FLOWER AND
LETTING IT SOAK THRU THE
PETALS - AN INVISIBLE
CODE APPEARED!



WATCH NEXT
MONTH'S ISSUE
OF "KEEN" DETECTIVE
FOR NEW
AND THRILLING
ADVENTURES WITH
THE SCARLET SPY
RING... THAT NO-
TORIOUS BAND OF
INTERNATIONAL
SPIES!
ON THEIR TRAILS IS
DAN DENNIS -
F.B.I.
Sam Gilman

CLEVER-CLUES

BY TERNSON

A STICK-UP'S STORY-



A HOLD-UP HAD OCCURED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ZOO PARK TEN MINUTES AGO. OFFICER PICKS UP A SUSPECT STANDING IN FRONT OF THE GIRAFFE CAGE, BUT HE GIVES AN ALIBI. HE YELPS THAT HE COULD NOT HAVE COMITTED THE ROBBERY FOR HE HAD BEEN STANDING THERE LISTENING TO THE GIRAFFES NEIGHING FOR OVER AN HOUR. A SMALL BOY WHO HAD APPROACHED KNEW THAT HIS STORY WAS UNTRUE. WHAT WAS WRONG?

SOLUTION

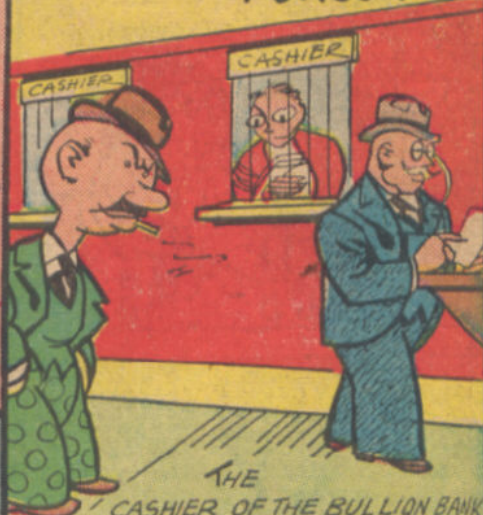
THE GIRAFFE DOES NOT NEIGH — THE GIRAFFE'S LARYNX IS SO LITTLE DEVELOPED THAT IT CAN UTTER NO SOUND AT ALL —



THREE BOYS SHOVELLED THE SNOW FROM MISS BOUNTIFUL'S SIDEWALK. SHE HAD A NICE HOT MINCE PIE TO GIVE THEM. HOLDING THE KNIFE SHE SAID, "BOYS I'M PUZZLED AS TO HOW I SHOULD CUT IT?"

SOLUTION - "IT'S MENTAL ARITHMATIC," SMILED WILLIE SHARP, "DIVIDE IT EQUALLY BY THREE."

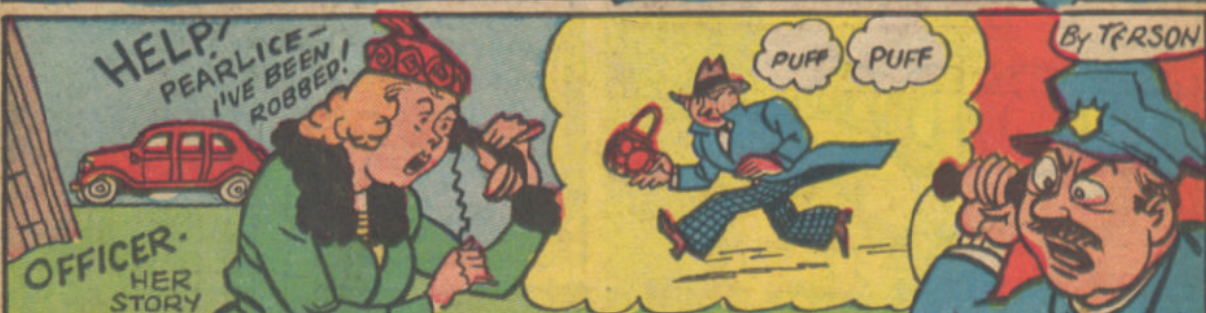
FORGERY-



THE CASHIER OF THE BULLION BANK NOTICED A MAN STANDING IN THE LOBBY WHEN MR. J. PORJIE VANDERCOIN WAS WRITING A CHECK. THE NEXT DAY THE SIGNATURE OF VANDERCOIN WAS FORGED. THE DETECTIVES TRAILED HIM AND HE CONFESSED. HOW DID THE FORGER OBTAIN A COPY OF VANDERCOIN'S SIGNATURE.

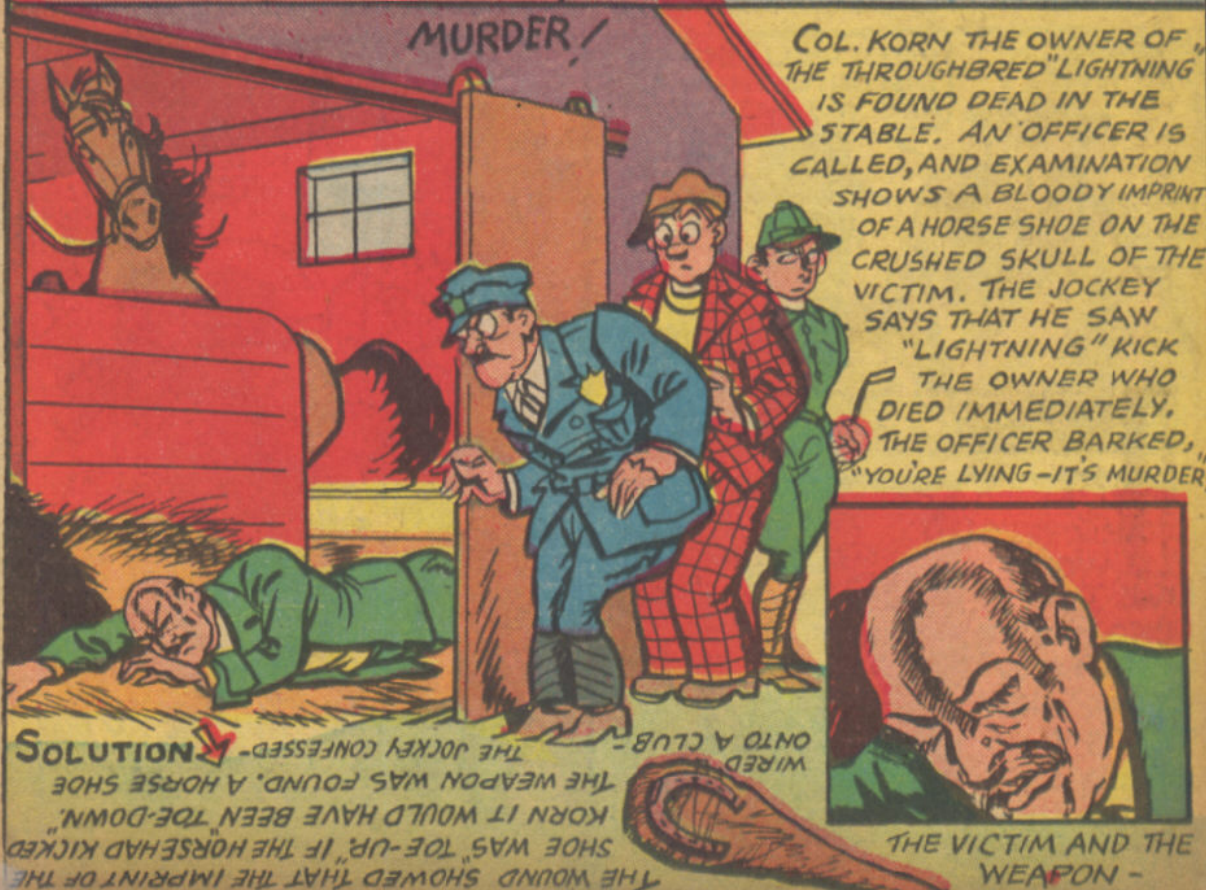
SOLUTION - THE SUSPECT ADMITTED THAT HE HAD PICKED UP THE BLOTTER USED BY VANDERCOIN AND WITH THE AID OF A MIRROR COPIED THE "SIG."

Clever-clues!



THE CHAUFFEUR HAD A DAY OFF SO MRS. DU PONGILT DROVE TO THE BANK. SHE HAD BEEN TO A PARTY THE NIGHT BEFORE, AND HAD HER JEWELS, VALUED AT \$25,000, IN HER HANDBAG, INTENDING TO DEPOSIT THEM IN THE VAULT BOX. PARKING HER CAR, SHE LOCKED THE DOOR. AS SHE STARTED TOWARD THE BANK A YOUNG MAN RUSHED UP AND GRABBED HER HANDBAG. THEN SHE TOLD THE POLICE, "I WAS SO UPSET, THAT

I GOT IN MY CAR AND DROVE HOME." WHEN ASKED TO WRITE DOWN WHAT HER BAG CONTAINED HER LIST WAS - THE JEWELS - ONE HANDKERCHIEF - TEN ONE DOLLAR BILLS - ONE LETTER - AND KEYS TO MY CAR. THE OFFICER POLITELY TOLD HER THAT SHE HAD FAKED THE ROBBERY TO COLLECT INSURANCE ON THE GEMS. WHAT MADE HIM SUSPECT HER SCHEME? SOLUTION - SHE SAID THAT AFTER SHE LOCKED HER CAR, HER BAG WITH KEYS WERE STOLEN, YET SHE DROVE HOME.



COL. KORN THE OWNER OF THE THROUGHBRED "LIGHTNING" IS FOUND DEAD IN THE STABLE. AN OFFICER IS CALLED, AND EXAMINATION SHOWS A BLOODY IMPRINT OF A HORSE SHOE ON THE CRUSHED SKULL OF THE VICTIM. THE JOCKEY SAYS THAT HE SAW "LIGHTNING" KICK THE OWNER WHO DIED IMMEDIATELY. THE OFFICER BARKED, "YOU'RE LYING - IT'S MURDER."

THE WOUND SHOWED THAT THE IMPRINT OF THE SHOE WAS "TOE-UP," IF THE HORSE HAD KICKED KORN IT WOULD HAVE BEEN "TOE-DOWN." THE WEAPON WAS FOUND. A HORSE SHOE THE JOCKEY CONFESSED - SOLUTION -

THE VICTIM AND THE WEAPON -

TNT TODD

ACE
G-MAN

A WAVE OF
CRIME SWEEPS
THE COUNTRY!
ROBBERIES,
MURDERS,
KIDNAPINGS,
DEFY SOLUTION.
ON A DARK
BACK STREET
STROLLS TODD
LOOKING FOR
SOME LEAD!



IN THE
BLACK
SHADOWS
OF A
WALL
LURKS A
SINISTER
FIGURE,
GUN IN
HAND!



WITH A
SWIFT
MOVEMENT
TODD KO'S
THE THUG!



WELL, WELL, DOPEY
DILLON! WHAT MOB
ARE YOU WITH NOW?

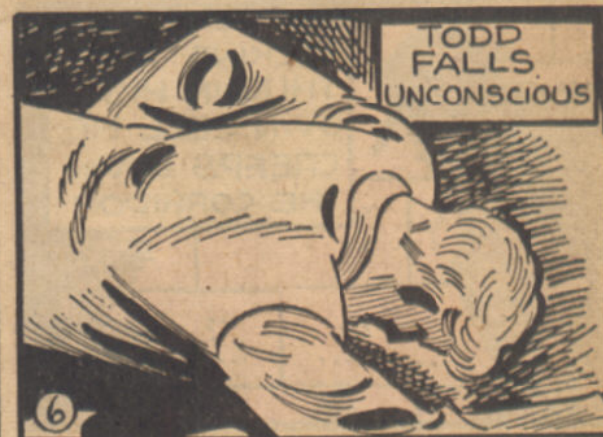
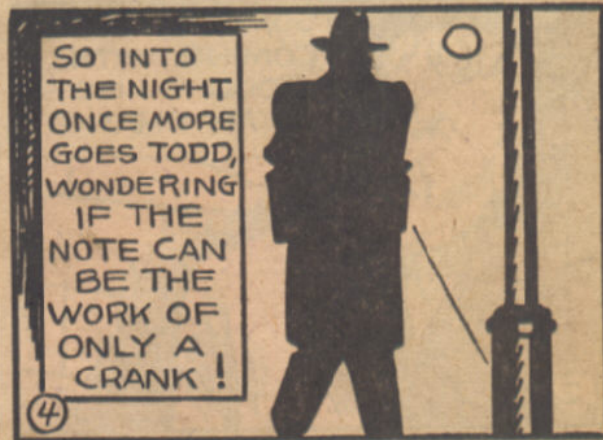


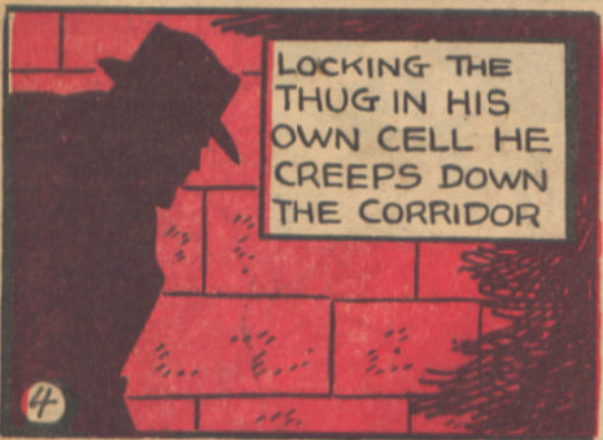
YOU'LL NEVER
KNOW, COPPER!
YOU WON'T
LIVE THAT
LONG! WE'VE
GOT A NEW
SET-UP NOW
THAT'S A
HONEY!



A NEW SET-UP,
HUH? AND YOU
WERE HIRED TO
RUB ME OUT...!
TCH-TCH-
TCH----









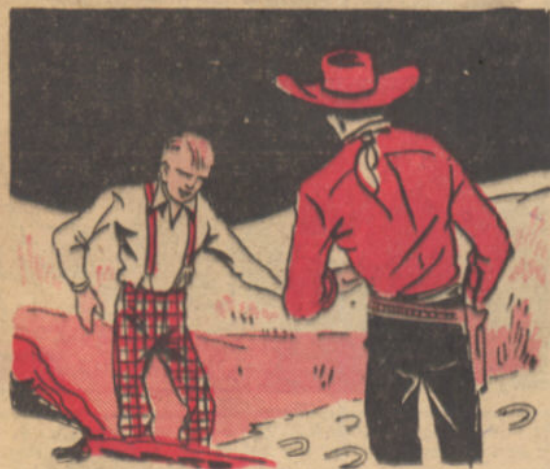


IS TNT TODD'S CAREER AT AN END ---- OR CAN HE ESCAPE TO SMASH THIS HUGE CRIME COMBINE?
CONTINUED IN OUR
Next Issue

YOUTHFUL DETECTIVES.

AN EPISODE IN THE COLORFUL CAREER OF DICK FELLOWS
HIGHWAYMAN.... IN WHICH A YOUTH, AT LEAST MOMENTARILY
BRINGS HIM INTO THE HANDS OF THE LAW.

IT WAS ABOUT 1875 WHEN DICK FELLOWS SINGLE HANDED HELD UP A STAGE — COACH OUT OF LOS ANGELES. POPPING OUT OF THE BRUSH, ARMED WITH A PISTOL, FELLOWS COMMANDED THE DRIVER TO DROP THE STRONG BOX TO THE GROUND.... HAVING FIRST SENT THE COACH ON ITS WAY... DICK EXAMINED THE BOX AND SINCE HE COULD NOT OPEN IT ON THE SPOT, DECIDED TO TAKE IT ON HIS HORSE... A STOLEN MOUNT.. TO A SAFER SPOT. SIGHT OF THE STRANGE BOX FRIGHTENED THE HORSE INTO RUNNING AWAY. UNDAUNTED FELLOWS CARRIED THE BOX TOWARD A SECLUDED SPOT.. BUT.. ON THE WAY HE FELL, BREAKING HIS LEG... ON OPENING THE BOX HE FILLED HIS POCKETS WITH MONEY, THEN FASHIONED A CRUTCH AND HOBBOLED TO A SMALL RANCH TO STEAL A HORSE. AS THE SCENE OPENS NEWS OF THE ROBBERY HAS REACHED LOS ANGELES AND DETECTIVES ARE SENT TO CATCH THE ROBBER. NEAR THE SCENE OF THE CRIME THE SLEUTHS COME UPON A YOUNGSTER.



HE IS FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF A HORSE STOLEN FROM HIS FATHER'S BARN. THE TRAIL IS EASY AS THE SHOE ON THE HIND RIGHT HOOF IS A MULE SHOE.

FIGURING THAT AS LONG AS THEY ARE ON THE TRAIL OF ONE CRIMINAL THEY MIGHT AS WELL CATCH A HORSE THIEF TOO...

THE DETECTIVES TELL THE BOY TO KEEP TRAILING THE THIEF, NEVER DREAMING IT IS FELLOWS, AND TO SEND FOR THEM AS SOON AS HE COMES UPON HIS QUARRY.



HE COMES UPON THE INJURED MAN.... THE YOUNGSTER GOES FOR THE SHERIFF WHO IN TURN SENDS FOR THE DETECTIVES



WITH THE AID OF THE SHERIFF, THE BOY, WHO IS KNOWN TO US AS TOMMY, TAKES THE INJURED DESPERADO TO THE LOCAL JAIL.



AS FELLOWS' INJURIES ARE PATCHED HE ADMITS THEFT OF THE HORSE.... LATER HE ADMITTED HE HAD ROBBED THE STAGECOACH.

THE EYE SEES

by
Frank
Thomas

ROAMING THE WORLD AT WILL IS THAT WEIRD CRUSADER, THE EYE! - TO MEN OF EVIL INTENT HE IS THE SYMBOL OF A TORTURED CONSCIENCE! - WHERE WRONG PREVAILS, HE DEALS SWIFT AND TERRIBLE JUSTICE! - THE EYE!

AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMITTEE INVESTIGATING UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES, WASHINGTON, D.C.

MANUEL ROSSOFF HAS WRITTEN ME, FROM NEW YORK, THAT HE WILL BE VERY GLAD TO ANSWER HIS SUMMONS TO APPEAR BEFORE THE COMMITTEE NEXT WEEK!



HIS WILLINGNESS WORRIES ME - HE'S A BAD EGG, AND HE KNOWS WE'VE COMPILED PLENTY OF EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM! - I'M AFRAID HE HAS SOMETHING UP HIS EYE!



AND IN A SHABBY MANHATTAN OFFICE, WE FIND THE BAD EGG, MANUEL ROSSOFF!

NOW HENRY, YOU ARE SURE THIS TIME-BOMB WILL GO OFF AT EXACTLY MIDNIGHT TONIGHT?



MANUEL, YOU HURT ME DEEPLY - HOW CAN YOU DOUBT ME? TIME-BOMBS ARE MY SPECIALTY, YOU KNOW THAT!



I AM SORRY, COMRADE! - VERY WELL, I LEAVE ON A FAST TRAIN TO WASHINGTON TONIGHT! - I WILL PLANT YOUR BOMB IN THE VERY BUILDING WHERE THE COMMITTEE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST US IS KEPT!



SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT, THERE WILL BE NO COMMITTEE RECORDS! - IN FACT, THERE WILL BE NO BUILDING, AND OF COURSE, NO INVESTIGATION NEXT WEEK!

PAPER?

HENRY, YOU FOOL! - WILL YOU NEVER LEARN TO KEEP THE DOOR LOCKED?!

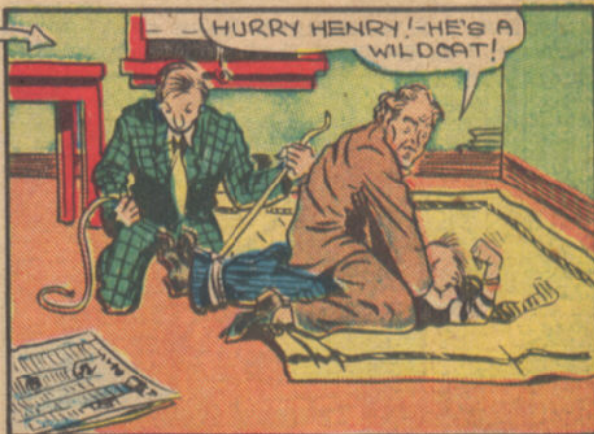
SURE KID!
- C'MON IN - I'LL TAKE A PAPER!

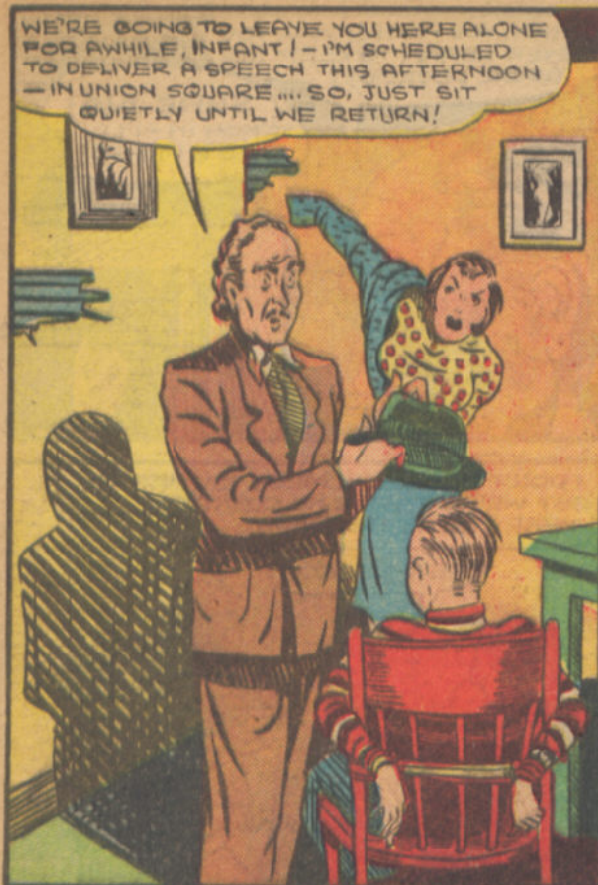
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH YOU HEARD, BUT WE'RE TAKING NO CHANCES! HENRY, GET SOME ROPE!

HEY! - LEGGO!

HURRY HENRY! - HE'S A WILDCAT!

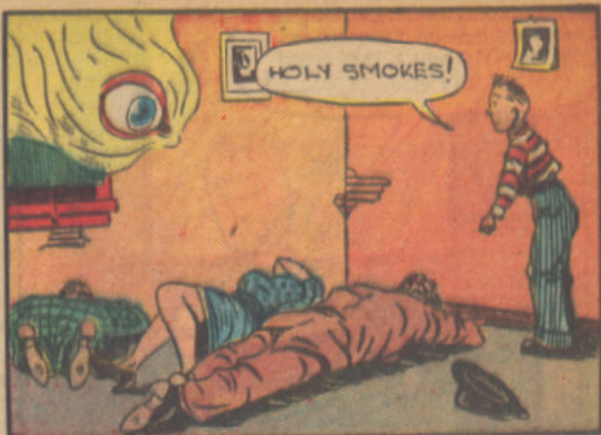
WHEW! - THAT WILL HOLD HIM!
- I'M GLAD HE WAS NO BIGGER!



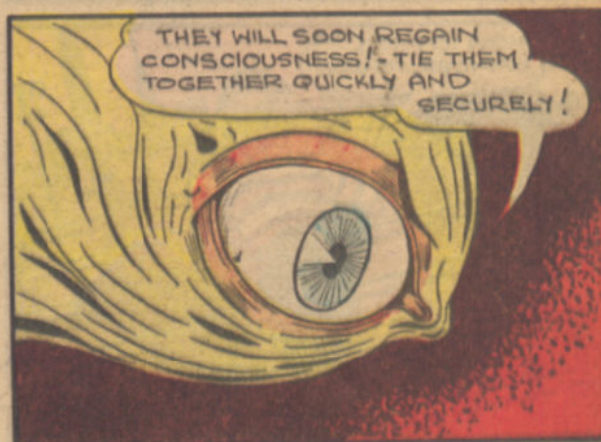


THEY ARE MET WITH A FREEZING PARALYSIS RAY FROM THE EYE!

WHAT TH-!

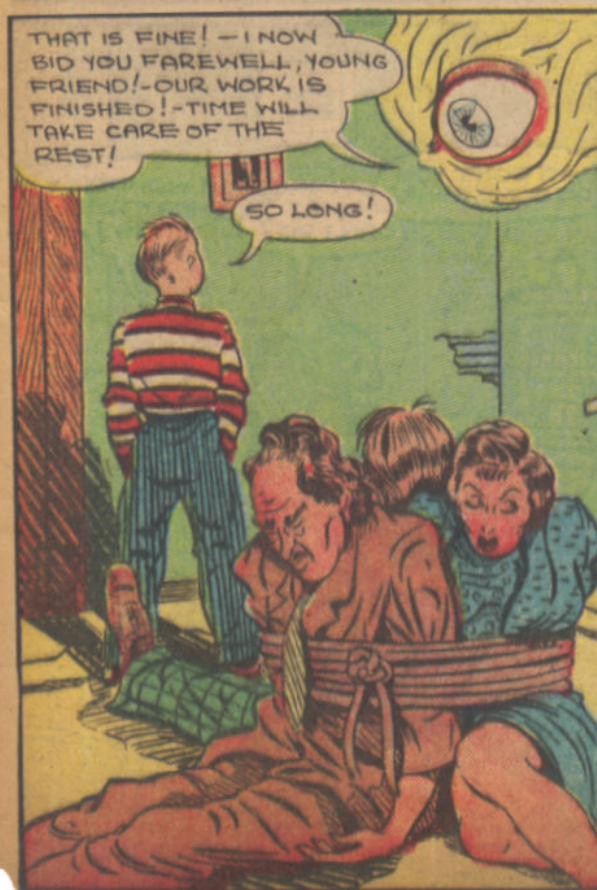


THEY WILL SOON REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS! -TIE THEM TOGETHER QUICKLY AND SECURELY!



THAT IS FINE! -I NOW BID YOU FAREWELL, YOUNG FRIEND! -OUR WORK IS FINISHED! -TIME WILL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!

SO LONG!



WHAT HAPPENED? -WHO TIED US?

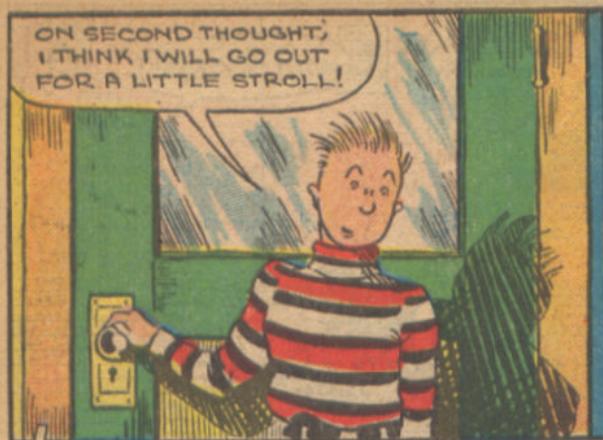
I DID!

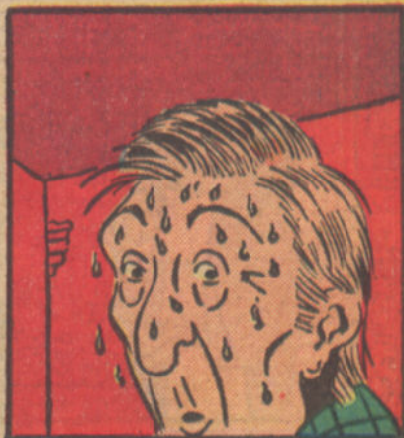
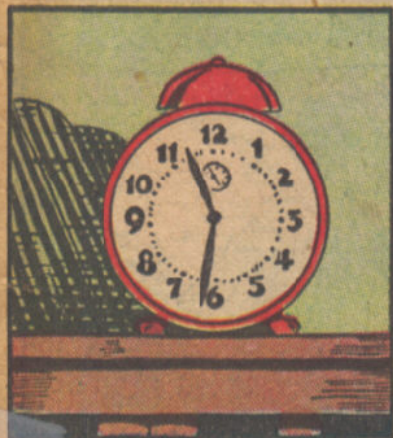


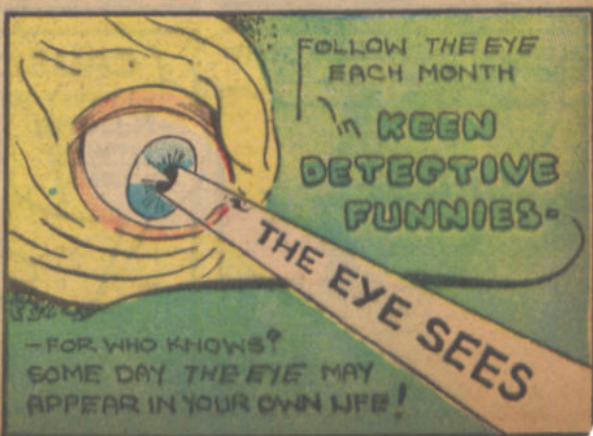
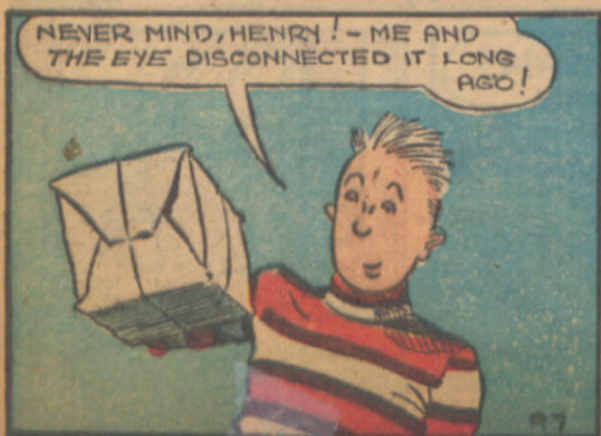
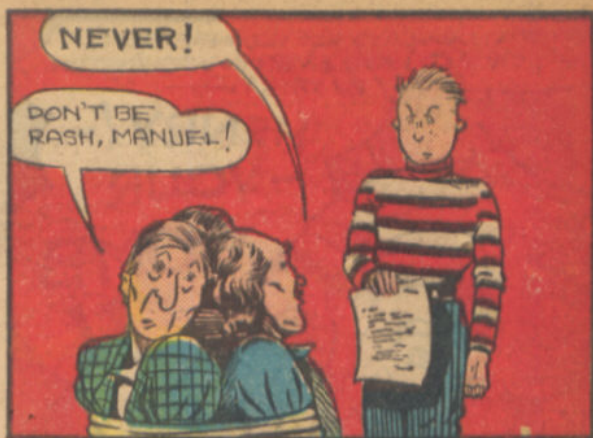
WELL?-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?

NOTHING!









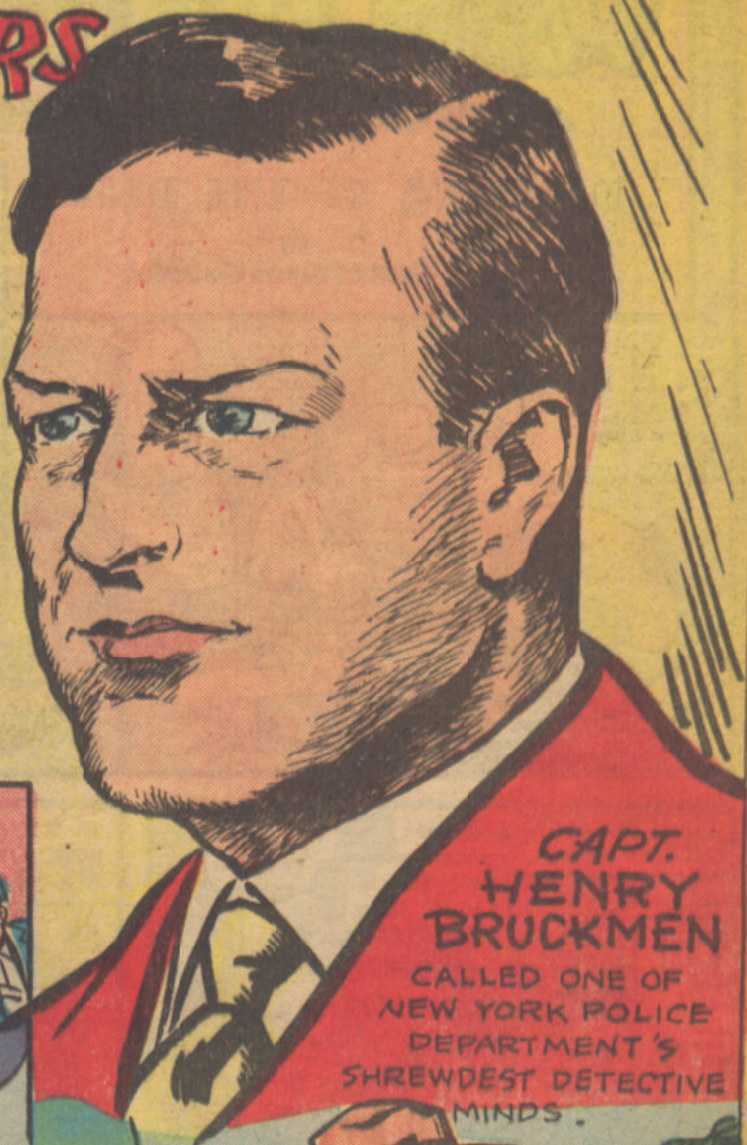
CRIME CRUSHERS



FAMOUS FOR HIS
ORIGINAL METHODS,
DETECTIVE BRUCKMAN
CRACKED MANY
BAFFLING CASES.



MANY MAHATTAN MURDERS
HAVE BEEN SOLVED BY SLEUTH
BRUCKMAN'S SHREWD DEDUCTIONS
- WITH ONLY A FOUNTAIN PEN FOR
A CLUE HE GAINED THE SOLUTION
OF THE DOLGE CASE - A BLACK
BOW FROM A HAT BROUGHT THE
SOLUTION OF THE PRATT MYSTERY.



**CAPT.
HENRY
BRUCKMEN**

CALLED ONE OF
NEW YORK POLICE
DEPARTMENT'S
SHREWDEST DETECTIVE
MINDS.



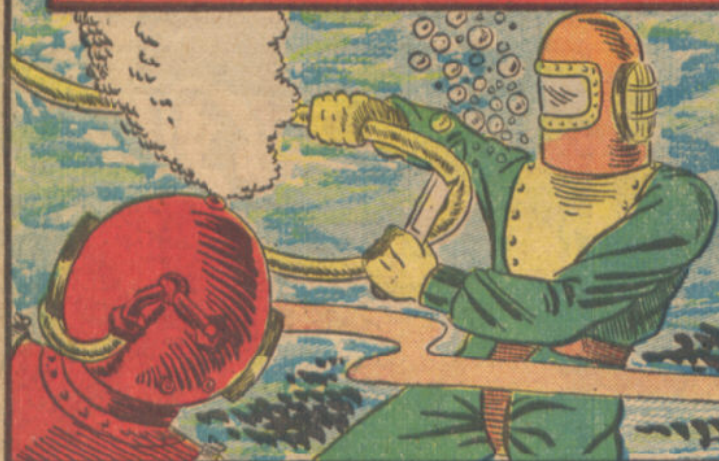
ANOTHER FAMOUS MYSTERY, THE
JENNIE BECKER CASE, DETECTIVE BRUCKMAN
SOLVED WITH NO CLUE AT ALL -

DEAN DENTON

scientific detective

DILEMMA OF THE DEEP

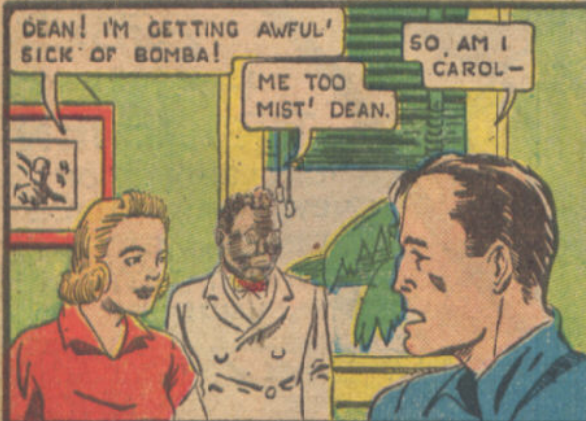
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL



THE CONQUEROR'S PLANE, WITH ITS \$500,000 CARGO OF RADIUM, LIES ON THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC, OFF THE COAST OF THE BELGIAN CONGO.

THERE HAS BEEN NO SIGN OF THE CONQUEROR, WHO JUMPED FROM HIS DISABLED SHIP IN A PARACHUTE.

DEAN DENTON, EX-VENTRILOQUIST, AND NOW SCIENTIFIC DETECTIVE, WAITS IN BOMBA, B.C., WITH HIS ASSISTANT CAROL, AND HIS VALET ABSALOM, FOR DIVING EQUIPMENT TO SALVAGE THE SUNKEN RADIUM.....



DEAN! I'M GETTING AWFUL SICK OF BOMBA!

SO, AM I CAROL—

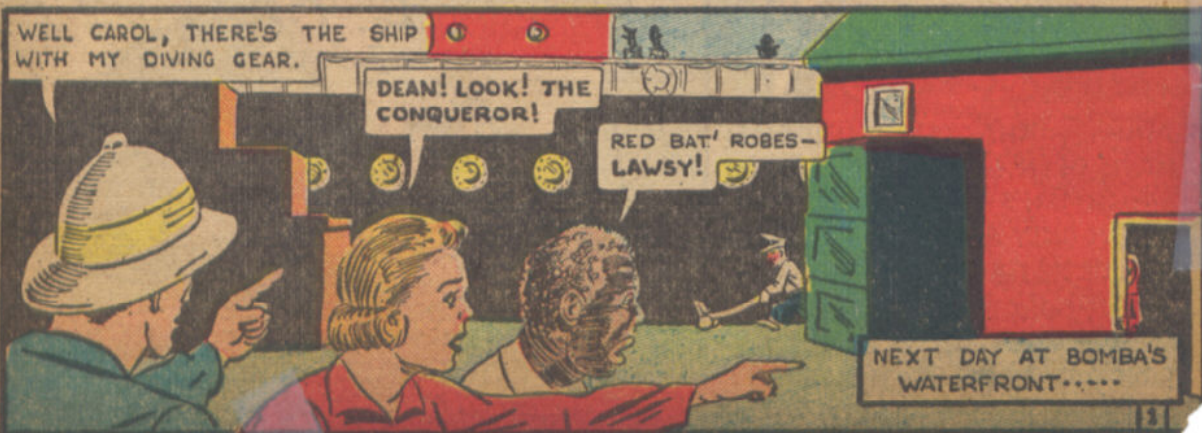
ME TOO MIST' DEAN.



AS SOON AS THAT DIVING EQUIPMENT GETS HERE, WE'LL GET THE SUNKEN RADIUM AND SCRAM!

I HOPE SO.

OH *MAN!

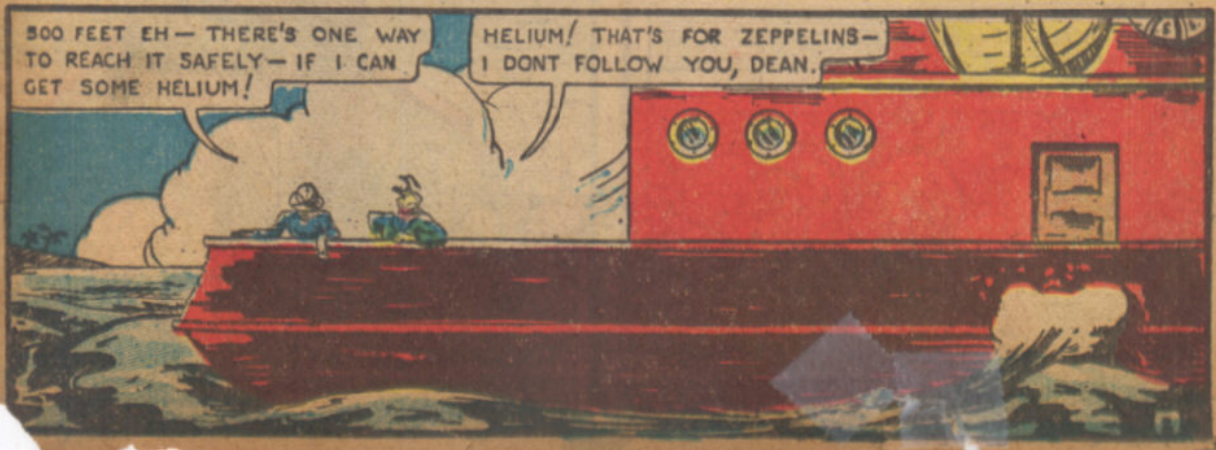
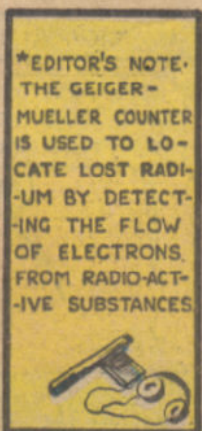


WELL CAROL, THERE'S THE SHIP WITH MY DIVING GEAR.

DEAN! LOOK! THE CONQUEROR!

RED BAT' ROBES—LAWSY!

NEXT DAY AT BOMBA'S WATERFRONT.....



500 FEET? IT CAN'T BE DONE!
YOU'D DIE OF BENDS* DIVIN'
THAT DISTANCE!

YES? WELL, I'LL
DO IT MYSELF
WITH HELIUM!

*EDITOR'S NOTE
BENDS, THE
BANE OF DIVERS,
IS CAUSED BY
NITROGEN
FORCED INTO
THE BLOOD BY
THE PRESSURE
WHEN THE
PRESSURE IS
RELIEVED, THE
NITROGEN FORMS
BUBBLES, SOME-
TIMES CAUSING
BENDS!!

NEXT DAY-AT BOMBA DIVING CO.

HELIUM, M'SIEU DENTON, IT HAPPENS WE DO
HAVE A FEW TANKS, AND OXYGEN, OF COURSE.

PUT IT ABOARD THE
BOAT FOR ME, WILL
YOU?

AT THE COMPAGNIE BELGQUE OFFICES

MEANWHILE ON THE BEACH, A FEW MILES FROM
BOMBA, THE CONQUEROR AND HIS MEN PREPARE.

YOU HAVE THE BOAT AND DIVING GEAR WE
"BORROWED"? GOOD! WE'LL FOLLOW DENTON, AND
LET HIM LEAD US TO THE RADIUM.

OK, CHIEF!

WELL ABSALOM, ROUND UP SOMEBODY TO HELP
YOU. YOU'LL BE IN CHARGE OF THE PUMPS
WHEN I DIVE FOR THAT RADIUM TOMORROW.

COMPAGNIE BELG

I WISH I WAS
HOME! LAWSY!

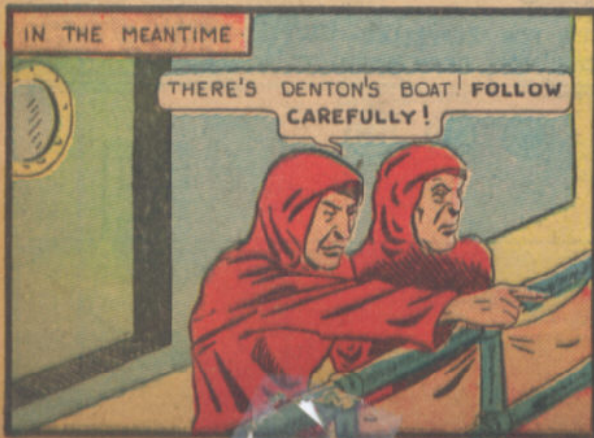
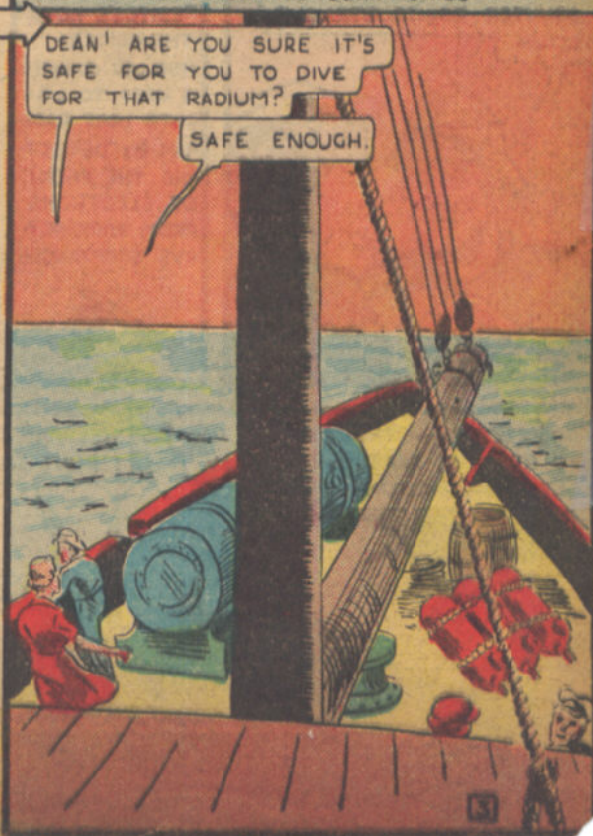
AND THE NEXT MORNING DEAN SAILS

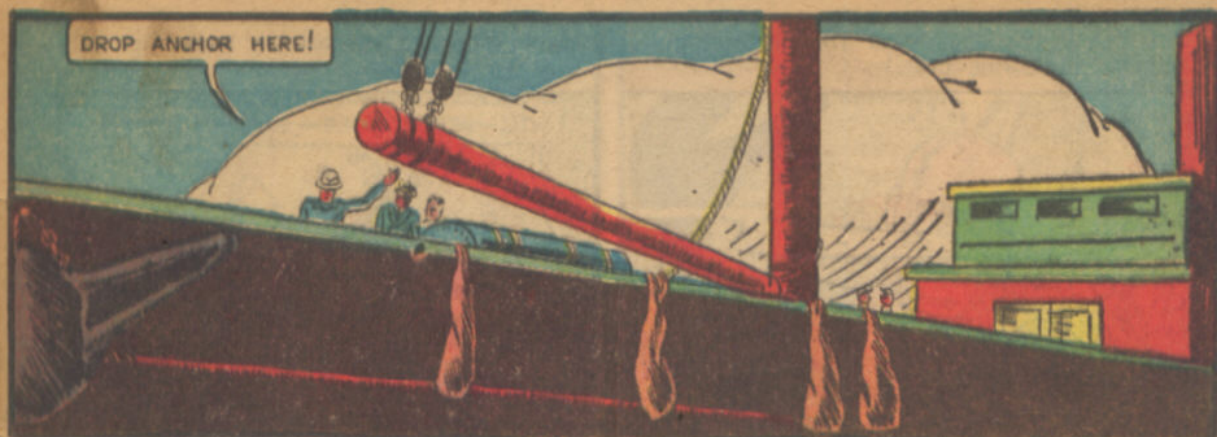
DEAN! ARE YOU SURE IT'S
SAFE FOR YOU TO DIVE
FOR THAT RADIUM?

SAFE ENOUGH.

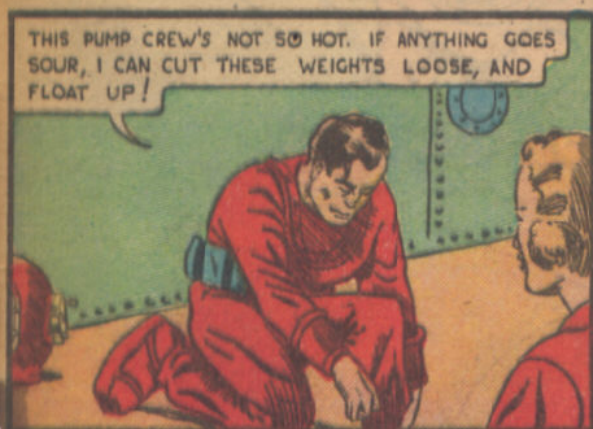
IN THE MEANTIME

THERE'S DENTON'S BOAT! FOLLOW
CAREFULLY!

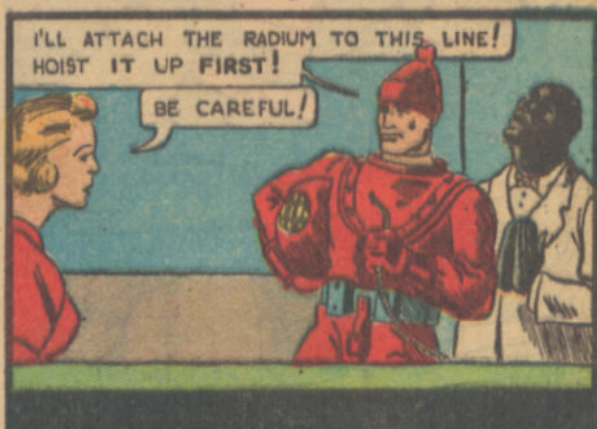




DROP ANCHOR HERE!



THIS PUMP CREW'S NOT SO HOT. IF ANYTHING GOES SOUR, I CAN CUT THESE WEIGHTS LOOSE, AND FLOAT UP!

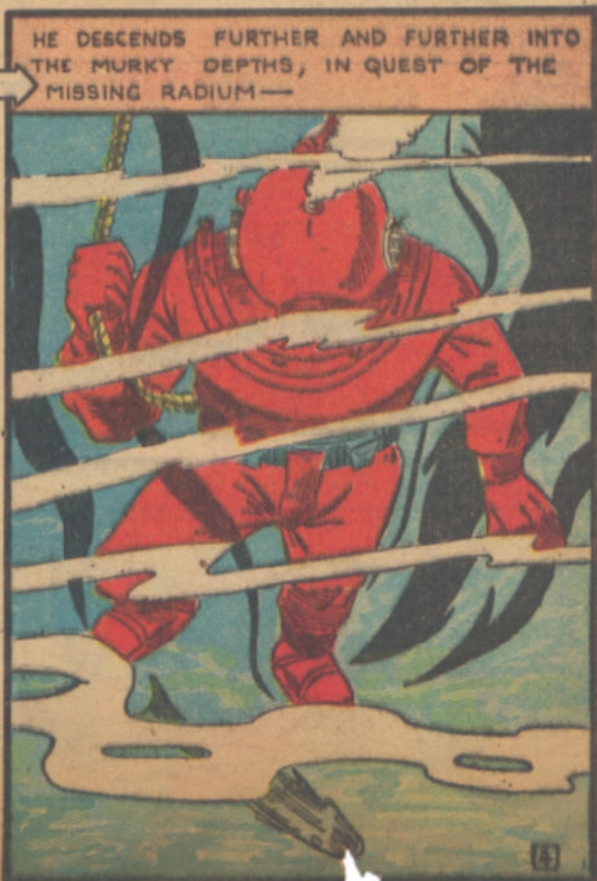


I'LL ATTACH THE RADIUM TO THIS LINE! HOIST IT UP FIRST!

BE CAREFUL!



WITH A PRAYER, DEAN DROPS OVER THE SIDE!



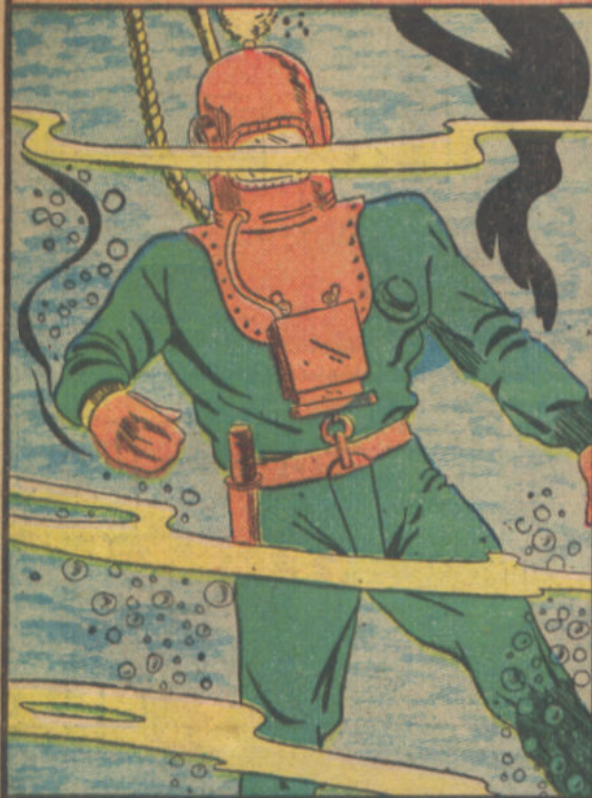
HE DESCENDS FURTHER AND FURTHER INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS, IN QUEST OF THE MISSING RADIUM—



THERE GOES DENTON—I'LL FOLLOW! IF HE SENDS UP THE RADIUM—GRAB IT!

MEANTIME—ON THE CONQUEROR'S BOAT—...

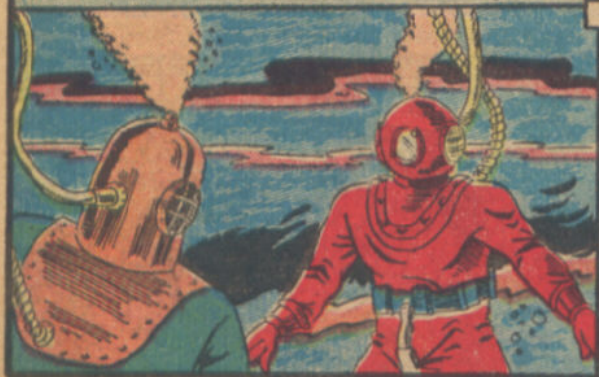
THE CONQUEROR GOES OVER THE SIDE OF HIS BOAT—FOLLOWING DEAN!



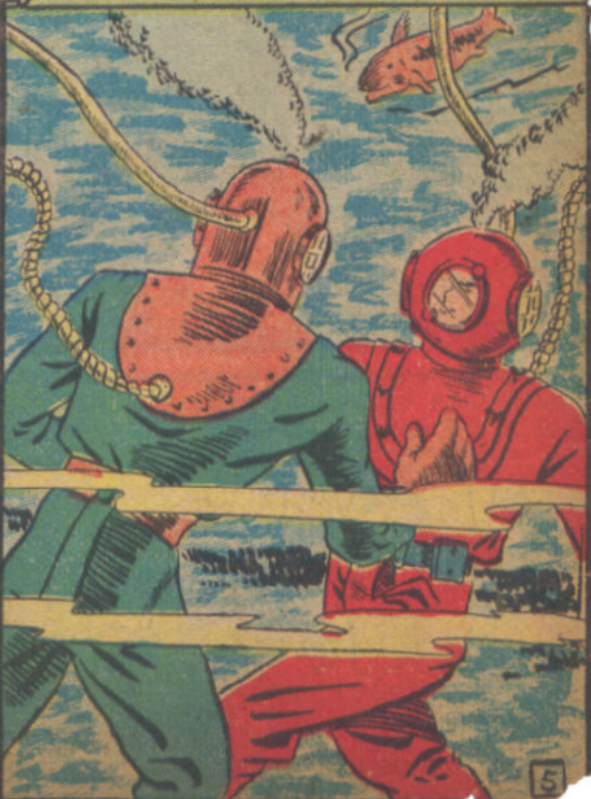
DEAN RECOVERS THE RADIUM FROM THE SUB-MERGED PLANE—



THE CONQUEROR ALIGHTS BESIDE DEAN—



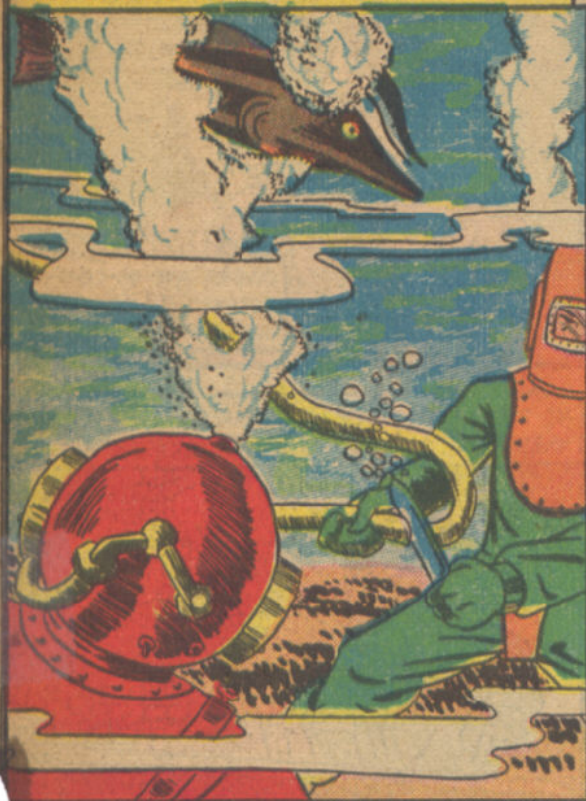
500 FEET BELOW THE SURFACE, THE CONQUEROR, FINDING THE RADIUM GONE, ATTACKS DEAN...



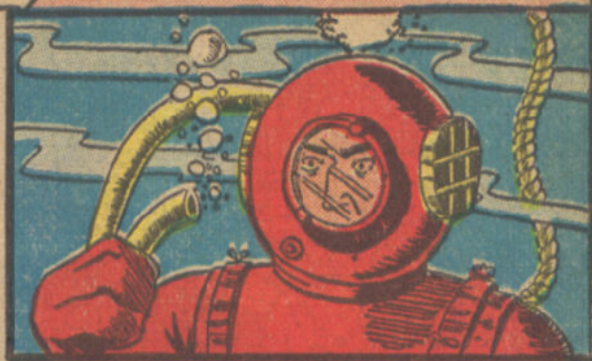
A BLOW FLOORS THE CONQUEROR—



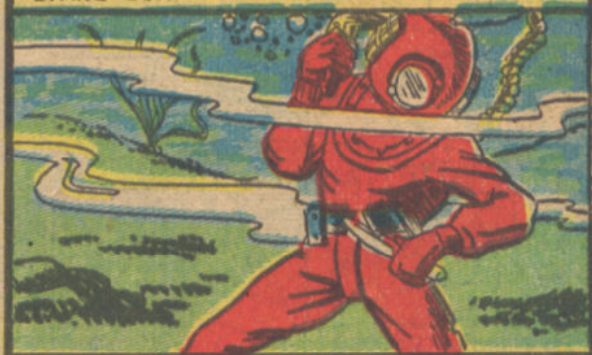
ENRAGED, THE CONQUEROR DRAWS A KNIFE
AND SLASHES DEAN'S AIR HOSE —



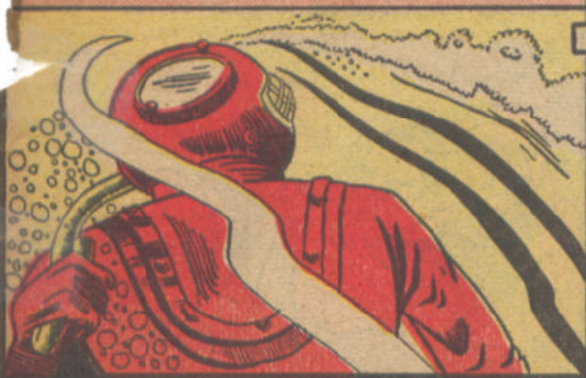
TO SAVE THE AIR, DEAN DOUBLES THE
HOSE —



— CUTS LOOSE THE WEIGHT ON HIS
DIVING SUIT —



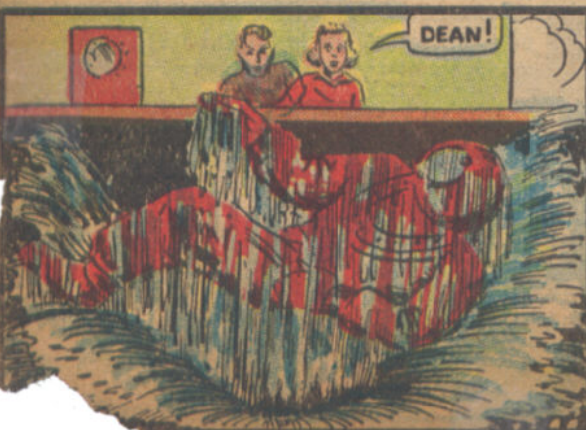
— AND SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE!



IN THE MEANTIME, THE CONQUEROR'S MEN
ATTACK DEAN'S BOAT —

THANKS FOR
THE RADIUM!

YOU-YOU
BEASTS!



DEAN!

